The Nation.

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The Week.

Gen. Leonard Wood, en route to Washington, set forth the Cuban situation, as Congress has left it, with soldierly bluntness. We are ready to turn over the government to the Cubans, he says, on short notice. But what is it that we shall turn over, as the case stands? Why, simply "a crisis," declares Gen. Wood. That is what will surely follow unless a tariff reduction of more than 20 per cent. on Cuban imports be voted by Congress. Here are the words of our Military Governor of Cuba:

> "It is absolutely necessary to the welfare of the island that the tariff on sugar be reduced not less than thirty-three and one-third per cent. We may as well make up our minds to that if the island is to prosper, and we are responsible for the future of the island and its prosperity. We have promised to see the people through, and we must do it."

What is the Republican party going to do about it? Can it afford to go into the fall campaign, can it stand before the people of the country, can it expose itself to the world, as a party so terror-stricken at the threats of tariff-beneficiaries that it falsifies the promises of two of its own Presidents? The next few days at Washington must decide.

Cubans may be proud of the sentences given to the three American postal thieves, Neely, Reeves, and Rathbone, in Havana on Monday. We have heard much about the inability of the Cubans to govern themselves according to our own high standards, and have even had to listen to many doubts as to the possibility of establishing a workable judicial system in the island. But here we have at least one court which has had the courage and the wisdom to punish exemplarily men who belonged to the dominating nation, and who were known to have most powerful political backing in the United States. Only the other day the Governor of Indiana, accompanied by his staff in full uniform, called in the prison upon Mr. Neely, that "grand confidential man" so highly recommended by Perry Heath, and who confidentially aided Mr. Rathbone to plunder and steal from the Cuban revenues. We do not know whether it is the custom in Indianapolis for the Governor and his staff to make ceremonial visits to accused criminals, but, whatever the motive, it had no effect whatever upon the court. Neely, Rathbone, and Reeves will now "rot in Cuban dungeons," as their friends have characterized imprisonment in the island.

Our contented wards in Cuba should not make us forget the happy family we have in Hawaii. President Roosevelt is not allowed to forget it. The various brothers that compose it are filling his ears with pleasing tales about each other. Brother Parker declares that Brother Dole, the Governor, is a frightful tyrant, besides being a fussy old slow-coach anyhow, quite out of touch with the alert Americanism of the younger immigrants who had gone to the island for the good, and also for the goods, of the native. Brother Carter, however, comes on to tell the President that Brother Dole is the only bulwark against the anarchy of the half-breed faction, in alliance with the baser Americans. What is poor Mr. Roosevelt to do? He probably will not content himself with imitating the method of his predecessor, placing a kind hand on the shoulder of each tale-bearer, and telling him to go back to Hawaii and remember that the starry folds of the flag are above him. The quarrelling Hawaiians have no trouble about going in for the old flag; it is only the division of the appropriations and the offices which go with them that bothers them. But the American public distinctly does not care for any of these things. If it is a question between "parochial" squabbles over offices and Imperialistic disputes about the spoils, there can be no doubt which will be found the more interesting and inspiring, despite the prophets of three years ago. Honolulu may stew in its own palm oil, provided Oshkosh gets the right postmaster.

On Thursday last the country was called upon to witness the extraordinary spectacle of the General Commanding the United States Army making a personal and semi-public attack upon the Adjutant-General of the Army, the Secretary of War, and the President of the United States, and charging them with the desire to reorganize the military service solely for the improper purpose of rewarding officers towards whom they are well disposed. It is only three months since Gen. Miles received the severest reprimand ever given to an American army officer for his insubordinate expressions of opinion upon the Schley case. Within a week his scheme for the immediate pacification of the Philippines according to methods of Indian warfare, which amounted, among other things, to a grave reflection upon the officers now in the islands, was disapproved by the President and the Secretary of War. With men of ordinary sensibility and true personal pride, such rebukes would have at least led to a dignified silence. In Gen. Miles's case it has simply stirred him to further insubordination, which should have only one result—his prompt retirement from active service at an early date. It must be evident even to his most ardent partisans that his usefulness in his present position has come to an end. The right and duty of an officer to testify before a Senate committee is unquestioned. Before the Philippine Inquiry Committee, moreover, it is most desirable that officers should speak their minds freely in regard to the past conduct of the war in the islands, even to the extent of criticising their superior officers. The present case is entirely different. The subject under discussion is simply the merits of the bill providing a general staff for the army, which was drawn by the Secretary of War, and which has the hearty approval of every progressive officer in the service. For Gen. Miles to make this the excuse for a bitter attack upon his superior officers, and for the charge that they are influenced only by scandalous motives, is to transcend absolutely not only the bounds of gentlemanly conduct, but also the limits imposed by military discipline, without which no army can exist.

The question whether Senator Hoar's speeches have stirred up, or have protracted, "rebellion" in the Philippines did not go into the record of the Senate investigating committee on Thursday. During the examination of Gen. Otis, Senator Beveridge was moved by curiosity to inquire what had been the effect on the Filipinos of Anti-Imperialist literature sent from the United States. The witness said that when the patriot (or rebel) Mabini was "brought in," he had a pile of New York papers. The inference was plain that he had been seduced from his allegiance or confirmed in his rebellion by reading them. Senator Patterson innocently asked whether any of Senator Hoar's speeches were found in the package. "Oh, yes," was the answer, "those speeches were all over the islands." Senator Allison, who was temporarily in the chair, promptly ruled out everything relating to Senators not members of the Committee. This was a prudent move, but must have been prompted by a desire to shield Senator Beveridge rather than Senator Hoar from harmful consequences, for the former at once withdrew the question which led to the dénouement. The colloquy, however, enabled Senator Carmack of Tennessee to express the opinion that the war in the Philippines is "utterly and absolutely infamous and criminal." So much of the record we hope may remain, so that it may serve as a companion-piece to some of the favorite Fourth of July quotations of our ancestors from Lord Chatham, Charles James Fox, Edmund Burke, Patrick Henry, and Thomas Jefferson.

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Senator Morgan's report on the Panama title is filled with that high moral indignation which always sways him when he contemplates a canal by any other route than Nicaragua. He starts back in horror at the thought of "compounding crime," as we should be doing, in his opinion, if we bought out the Panama Company, and the spectacle of the "defrauded and despoiled" stockholders who would appeal to us for their vanished millions fills him with dismay. It is of no use to tell Mr. Morgan that these wronged stockholders have had their rights passed upon by their own courts. That only starts him off with a fresh blast against the "despotism of French courts," from which the soul of every free-born American recoils in loathing. After all this sound and fury, the minority report falls rather flat. It does, indeed, set forth the facts. It shows that the Panama title is absolutely clear in law, and that Colombia stands ready to make every reasonable concession. These are the facts, but, of course, Senator Morgan will only cry out, "So much the worse for them!" and go on with his frenzied warnings against so much as touching the Panama unclean thing.

The Secretary of Agriculture is said to have given instructions to the chemist of the Department to prepare a list of all imported articles which are prepared with any admixture or superficial covering of boracic acid or other preservative acids, with a view to barring out all such products through the coöperation of the State Department. The reason for this extraordinary step is not that articles of the kind are injurious to health, but because one European Government has seen fit to exclude meats so prepared. The American contention is that boracic acid is no more hurtful to fresh beef than the yellow coloring matter used in our creameries is to butter; but that if Germany thinks that it is, and excludes our beef on account of it, then we will abandon our own contention, and adopt hers, and, although we know it to be false, apply it to imports from all countries. It is doubtful whether any imported articles of consequence fall within the category prescribed, although it is hinted that certain kinds of sausages may be "hit" by the proposed interdict; but it will be pleasing to a certain order of intellect to show what we can do under strong provocation, and how we can punish the importers of sausage to avenge the exporters of beefsteak.

The comments of the press on Mr. Fowler's Bank Bill are very favorable. While they do not warrant the belief that the measure will be enacted, or even be voted on by Congress very soon, they show an awakening interest in the subject which is most encouraging. Probably the retirement of national bank circulation which is now in progress has had much influence in drawing attention to the need of some measure for a bank-note currency based upon other security than that of Government bonds. Banks are allowed to retire their circulation at a rate not exceeding in the aggregate $3,000,000 per month. Nearly $18,000,000 has been retired during the past six months. This movement is accounted for by the selling price of Government bonds, which ranges from 106½ for the 5s of 1904 to 139½ for the 4s of 1925. In the case of the former, the premium ($6,500 on $100,000) will be wiped out in two years. The profit to be realized on $100,000 of circulation so secured may be computed at less than three-tenths of one per cent., making no allowance for loss of interest on circulating notes while in transit from the redemption bureau to the bank, or for the time that notes remain unused. If there is any profit at all in circulation, it is hardly worth the trouble of looking after.

It may be assumed, also, that within a comparatively brief period the security bonds will have been wholly redeemed and cancelled. It is not probable that the nation will continue for an indefinite period to pay interest on a debt of which it might easily pay the principal. Such a policy would be unjust to the taxpayers, and could not fail to meet public condemnation. So the problem is not merely how to make note-issuing under the present system a little more profitable, but how to keep the system going at all. It cannot be done except by using other securities than United States bonds. To use inferior securities like municipal, or railroad, or manufacturing bonds, would require the exercise of discrimination on the part of public officers in the selection of them, and this would open the door to political influence in making the selection. Moreover, the best judgment of the most impartial Comptroller of the Currency would at times be at fault, as was frequently the case under the system of bond-secured currency before the war. For these reasons the bankers and the public must set their faces towards a system of note issues different from the one we now have, and it will be a notable success for Mr. Fowler if his bill gives direction and impetus to this movement, even though his plan should fail of enactment, or should be shorn of some of its distinctive features.

Details of the famous "Northern Pacific deal" of a year ago are coming to light with rather unusual distinctness in the pending Powers suit. The immediate motives under which two great banking-houses made their lavish purchases; the amount of such purchases made in the week preceding the corner in the stock; the relations of the purchasing bankers to the railway companies whose credit was ultimately to be used to pay for the purchased stock; and the manner in which the securities involved are still distributed—these four questions have been discussed, since last summer, with considerable lack of authentic information. Monday's testimony by Mr. Schiff established first one fact, pretty generally understood beforehand, that the Union Pacific interests, last spring, formally asked the Morgan-Hill interest to be allowed a share in the joint control of the Burlington and Quincy, and that the request was refused. The testimony of Mr. Steele, of J. P. Morgan & Co., showed that the purchasers of the Burlington also supposed themselves to control the Northern Pacific; that in May they "had reason to fear that some of our friends had not held on to their stock," and that, in view of the earlier phases of the Burlington-Northern Pacific deal, the bankers believed themselves to have "an implied and moral duty to perform in protecting the stockholders" from loss of control through purchases by rival interests.

The house of Morgan & Co., this testimony further showed, bought $15,000,000 of Northern Pacific stock in a single week—the week before the panic of May 9. Both Mr. Schiff and Mr. Steele testified that their respective firms were buying the stock on their own account. Neither would admit acting under orders from a railroad company. Both, however, showed where the safeguard to their venture lay, by describing the readiness with which accommodating corporations were found to take the stock off their hands. Messrs. Kuhn, Loeb & Co., Mr. Schiff testified, "turned over" its stock to one of the Union Pacific companies "within a few weeks after we purchased it," having had "no previous understanding that such a disposition would be made of it." The Messrs. Morgan, according to Mr. Steele, sold $10,000,000 of their Northern Pacific to Mr. Hill and his friends, and the balance ($9,000,000 in all) to the newly organized Northern Securities Company. The Union Pacific also, Mr. Schiff explained, sold its stock to that new concern. In payment, the Messrs. Morgan took $9,000,000 in new Northern Securities stock, the Union Pacific received $80,000,000 stock and nine to ten millions cash. It was not stated whether this $89,000,000 of Northern Securities stock, or any of it, has changed hands since January 1, nor to whom was allotted the balance of Northern Securities shares. The Union Pacific, it appears, turned in $41,000,000 Northern Pacific common stock and $37,000,000 preferred; the Messrs. Morgan, $9,000,000, presumably in the common. As there was, in all, $155,000,000 in Northern Pacific shares

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outstanding, it follows that $68,000,000 was delivered to the Northern Securities Company from other quarters than the two already named.

German editors are not a little jealous of their American brethren since Prince Henry's announcement that the Emperor considered them the equals in rank of his "commanding generals." The *Frankfurter-Zeitung* hastens to say that it trusts the Emperor to honor German editors similarly at a very early date, since it is certain that they are not the inferiors of American journalists, so far as moral qualities are concerned. "Up to this time," it admits, "the opinion had prevailed with us that in Government circles editors were considered to be not even on the same footing with corporals and sergeants, much less commanding generals. Particularly in Prussia it would be thought an unworthy act if a non-commissioned officer should be led through the streets handcuffed, as has again and again happened in the case of editors of newspapers." The recent sentencing of a Charlottenburg editor to three months in jail for stating in his journal that the Emperor had rebuked a regiment's officers for their attitude towards duelling, makes the *Frankfurter-Zeitung's* sarcasm the more biting. The German press would, however, be astonished to know how utterly the American editors at the *Staats-Zeitung* banquet, and the newspapers throughout the country, failed to appreciate the significance of the compliment expressed by Prince Henry. This was perhaps not only due to ignorance of the great powers and high social position of commanding generals in the German army, but to familiarity with certain kinds of political and militia generals with which this country abounds.

What passed between Kitchener and the representatives of the Boers at Pretoria is only a matter of speculation. Every one must hope that the preliminary negotiations for an honorable peace were made. In any case, Acting President Schalkburger and his two commandants chose their time well, for while De la Rey's brilliant capture of Methuen has shown unexpected military resources among the belligerents, his chivalric release of the wounded captive has done much to mollify British hatred of the Boers. The time was never more favorable for a settlement on terms honorable to all concerned. Even Mr. Chamberlain would probably hesitate to hold again to unconditional surrender, and Kitchener would never again be ordered to proclaim the followers of De Wet and De la Rey to be outlaws. The Boers in the field, too, are never likely to have a better basis for dealing with the English. It is this feeling which must have made the Boer representatives seek the conference with Kitchener. The universal hope of peace should not blind one to the delicacy of the negotiations. It is not certain, even, that the committee which visited Kitchener spoke for the Boer Generals. At the best, a mere nothing would change the momentarily reasonable attitude of England into the old stupid and dogged resolution "to see the thing through," while any failure in tact might throw the Boers back upon their policy of heroic but ultimately hopeless resistance. Considerations of humanity aside, the responsibility upon the British negotiators is a heavy one, for England has no glory to gain, and possibly some prestige to lose, through the prolonging of the war.

The sharp debate last week in the House of Commons on Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's motion for an investigation of the business side of the war in South Africa, merely proved again the hopelessness of any attempt to consider rationally the events of the last two or three years, as long as the war is on. Behind the firing in South Africa the Government took refuge; Mr. Balfour declaring, in the familiar language of Imperialism, that it would "encourage the enemy" to probe into the remount and supply scandals. Just how an investigation of the horse frauds in Hungary or Spain or the United States would give comfort to the enemy or hamper Kitchener's operations, is hard to understand, but the House rallied to the support of the Government by the exceptional majority of 155, and thus gave the Ministry permission to continue its mismanagement without let or hindrance. This outcome was the more striking in view of the union of the Liberal forces in the attack upon the Government. Mr. Asquith, for once, earnestly supported Campbell-Bannerman, and there can be no doubt that a large body of public opinion was with them in their desire to know the truth about the charges which have so seriously affected England's good name. There could be no plainer illustration of the demoralizing effect of the war spirit than this crushing out of all criticism. Ministers may blunder as they choose, squander the public funds, and permit incompetent and dishonest subordinates to remain in office, but as long as a shot is fired 12,000 miles away, no one must lift up his voice in protest. Fortunate it is that the right of free speech and the freedom of the press remain, however mitigated by ostracism and occasional mob violence.

The unseemly quarrel in the Commons on Thursday chiefly illustrated Mr. Joseph Chamberlain's proficiency in the art of Parliamentary fence. He is a past-master of going to the very verge of insult and maintaining an exasperating calm, while the hot-headed Irishmen, goaded beyond endurance, explode in censurable abuse. Now it is no very great art to get a rise out of an Irishman. Mr. Chamberlain was abusive in cold blood and cautiously, Mr. Dillon was abusive in right Irish fashion and against the custom of Parliament. The latter's offence and his punishment falling in the interval between the old rules of the House and the application of Mr. Balfour's new rules, he has been allowed to resume his seat in a week. Of course, from a parliamentary point of view, Mr. Dillon's attack upon the Colonial Secretary was unpardonable; but it appears that, in all the debates of that stormy session, it was the Government which showed the more ugly spirit. It was irritating, no doubt, to hear the free lance Mr. Bowles caustically asking why countries had been annexed before they were conquered, hostile leaders banished before they were caught, the Government powerless to end a war which it had officially ended six months ago; but it is the business of a Government to answer such questions without calling traitor. This art Mr. Chamberlain should learn if he is indeed to succeed Lord Salisbury.

While the Franco-Russian note in reference to the Anglo-Japanese alliance is cautiously phrased and friendly in tone, it is not the less a virtual warning to England and Japan that, in certain contingencies, Russia and France will stand together in the Far East. The fact that the parties to the Dual Alliance have seen fit to enter their protest is in itself most significant. It would have been easy to pass the Anglo-Japanese alliance in silence, or to make some such general expression of sympathy with its aims as the Russian Foreign Office made to Secretary Hay's recent note on the Mantchurian concessions. As it is, the joint note of France and Russia is potentially a challenge, to this extent, that the offensive and defensive alliance between England and Japan becomes effective when two or more Powers menace the integrity of the Chinese Empire, or the special interests in the Far East of these two allied Powers. The appearance of France and Russia in the matter is practically equivalent to their saying, "Here are your 'two Powers.'" England and Japan will remain neutral until two enemies to China appear; France and Russia, when one appears, will consider "means of assuring their protection." It would be foolish to let the conventional expressions of sympathy with the purposes of the Anglo-Japanese alliance in which the Franco-Russian note abounds, conceal the real fact that France and Russia refuse to countenance the principle which England, Japan, and the United States have made their own —namely, that the integrity of the Chinese Empire must be maintained.

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THE PRESIDENT AND CUBA.

In our judgment, the time has come when President Roosevelt should let Congress and the country know in the plainest terms what he thinks it necessary to do for Cuba. His message of last December spoke emphatically of the duty of doing something, but left that something vague. We have since been assured from time to time that Mr. Roosevelt was standing like a rock against party pressure; that he continued to believe and to assert to all comers that we are morally bound to come to Cuba's relief; and that he would never yield or retreat. This has been highly gratifying. But now the situation approaches a crisis. The time is near for the setting up of a Cuban Government, yet this will be impossible with Cuban commerce ruined. Congress loiters as if it had an eternity before it, though every day's delay is one more blow to Cuba's prosperity. The bill which the Republican majority of the House has agreed upon—though when or how they will pass it no man undertakes to say—is pronounced by our own Governor of Cuba to be wholly inadequate. Naturally, the result is to leave Congress at loggerheads, the country confused, and Cuba in despair.

In these circumstances, we maintain, the Presidential trumpet ought to be blown, and that with no uncertain sound. What does the President think of the halting and shuffling bill agreed upon by the Republican majority? Is he or is he not embarrassed and alarmed by the indefinite delays of Congress? Does he think it possible to withdraw our troops from Cuba, and keep our engagements made in the eyes of the world, without a full and prompt measure of Cuban reciprocity? These are the questions to which it seems to us most important that Mr. Roosevelt should give a public and explicit answer. It is no longer a case to be left to the vague and not necessarily authentic reports of newspaper correspondents. We ourselves have no doubt that the President is, as they represent him, straining every nerve to carry through his Cuban policy; but the people are not clearly convinced of this, and the way to convince them and to set them to putting pressure upon Congress, is for Mr. Roosevelt to take them into his confidence, and by message, or other public announcement, appeal courageously to those in and out of Congress who wish to see justice done to Cuba.

We are aware of the arguments by which the President has, thus far, been persuaded to keep back his special Cuban message. They are, in their way, and for their time, good arguments. The first one is that he must work in and through the Republican party. Certainly that is what a Republican President can but desire to do. Mr. Roosevelt has been, therefore, justified in staying his hand, as he has done, and waiting patiently for the party managers to harmonize the various factions on a proper bill in aid of Cuba. But this thing cannot go on, world without end, and nothing done. The question is only primarily a party one. In its large and ultimate aspects it is a national question. Party obstinacy or selfishness cannot be allowed to defeat the national purpose or stain the national honor. And if the President finds, as he is now finding, that the party staff breaks in his hand, it is his duty to appeal to honorable men of all parties, or of no party, to come forward and protest against allowing what is our declared policy as a nation towards Cuba to fall down in a heap.

Another consideration that has been operative with the President is the natural desire to take warning by the example of his predecessors. Mr. Roosevelt has not wished to get into such a deadlock with Congress as made Mr. Cleveland's second term so awkward. On the other hand, he has shrunk from exposing himself to such humiliation as Mr. McKinley incurred in the matter of the Porto Rican tariff. But how if there is no middle term? Is not President Roosevelt, in fact, coming to look very much, in this Cuban tariff affair, as President McKinley did in the Porto Rican question? It is all very well to say that you have not "retreated," and that you never will budge. But if the other fellows have their way; if they give *you* a 20 per cent. tariff as they gave McKinley; if they fix a time limit even on this grudging concession, and do it in the teeth of your objection; and if they dawdle away precious weeks so as practically to defeat you, and then you keep still—why, you might as well have retreated and done with it.

It is this sense of the very mortifying position in which President Roosevelt is rapidly coming to stand, and of the great urgency of the whole matter, which makes us hope that he will not long delay in speaking his mind with the vigor and directness of which he is a master. He does not need to be so mortally afraid of imitating Grover Cleveland. If that President had waited to "harmonize" the Democratic party in the support of the bill to repeal the silver law, it would never have been repealed. He boldly threw himself upon the country, and upon both parties in Congress, and secured his imperatively needed law by the aid of Republican votes. Mr. Roosevelt should seek Democratic votes in Congress, if they are necessary to pass a measure which he himself has asserted to be demanded by the highest consideration of national morality and honor. If party fails him, to the people let him go. They undoubtedly desire, in their great majority, to deal fairly with Cuba. But public opinion on the subject needs to be consolidated and directed. The President is the man to do it. He is the natural leader to whom the people look. It is for him to meet their just expectations. He can prevent the insincere House leaders from putting him off from week to week and month to month, and yet save us from a national disgrace in our treatment of Cuba, by taking his stand fearlessly and publicly for a speedy and honorable fulfilment of our promises.

"OPENING" THE TARIFF.

"In politics," said that sound scholar and statesman, Sir George Cornewall Lewis, "cure is, nine times out of ten, better than prevention." It would have been well for President Roosevelt and the Republican party if they had kept this maxim in mind in all their dealings with the irrepressible tariff question. They have bent all their efforts to the side of prevention; and what they have striven to prevent is the "opening" of the tariff. To "open" the tariff has been the chief deadly sin in the Republican calendar. Point out inequalities, injustices, absurdities, monstrosities, self-destructive clauses in the Dingley law as much as you pleased; the invariable answer has been, "Yes, we admit them all, but don't you see that to attempt to correct them would be to open up the whole tariff question; and how could the country endure that calamity?" In other words, the conjuring up of remote and merely possible evils has held the hand of the Republican party from trying to cure present and undeniable ills. That was bad judgment, from the beginning, and it is now coming to be seen to have been also bad politics.

The truth is that this endeavor to keep the tariff question closed has been not only a mistake, but a failure. The tariff is "opened." Its revision is pressed upon the country. Does any man suppose that the bold utterances of Congressmen Dick and Babcock and Littlefield—good Republicans all—are to have no reverberation on the stump in the fall elections? They declared that they should not dare face their constituents, after voting for tariff favors for the Cubans, without having made exertions to vote some tariff favors for Americans—to prune away those flagrant abuses against which both consumers and manufacturers in so many parts of the country are crying out. Mr. Littlefield asserts that American steel material is sold in England for 95 cents the 100 pounds, though American shipbuilders are forced to pay $1.65. One of the largest manufacturers in Boston declares that "in some lines I have no doubt the difference is fully as great as Mr. Littlefield names, and perhaps greater." How can Congress, in the face of these facts and the protests founded upon them, refuse to revise the steel schedules, while changing the duties on sugar and tobacco, of which there is no complaint in this country?

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Mr. Roosevelt, it is now clear, was ill-advised when he urged Congress last December to undertake no tariff revision. He said that there was "general acquiescence in our present tariff system." This statement was of doubtful validity at the time, and is certainly, to-day, ludicrously wide of the fact. Even Speaker Henderson has opened his eyes, and writes, "That there could be, wisely, revision of certain parts of the tariff laws, and that reductions can be wisely made in some matters, no sane man will attempt to deny." This is exactly what many of the minority Republicans affirm, and they profess their eagerness to prove their sanity, not only by agreeing with the Speaker about the wisdom of tariff revision, but by undertaking it at once. No fair man can say that all of the opposition to the project of Cuban relief was the mere selfishness of beet-sugar representatives. Several of the protesting Republicans based their objections on the folly of "doing something for Cuba," in the way of tariff revision, but nothing for the United States.

In not foreseeing their attitude, and in failing to weigh the tariff-reform sentiment within the Republican party, President Roosevelt and the House managers began their Cuban campaign bunglingly. "No tariff changes," said the President, yet he urged "a substantial reduction in the tariff duties on Cuban imports." Was that, then, no tariff change? Ah, but Mr. Roosevelt said that there were "weighty reasons of morality" and "considerations of honor" which required us to reduce the duties for the behoof of the Cubans. But he might well have been asked, What have morality and honor to do with the protective tariff? Very little, historically. And if moral reasons are to be imported into the argument, was the President to say nothing of the crying injustice of the steel and glass schedules?

What might have been done, what should have been done, was to unite the various interests, and put through a moderate measure of tariff reform along with a bill for Cuban relief. The stoutest opponents of the latter are the warm friends of the former. Congressman Babcock, for example, has identified his name with the bill to prevent the steel duties from becoming an ambush from behind which the American consumer may be shot down. Yet he votes with the beet-sugar men. The latter, in fact, come principally from the States where the demand for tariff revision is most imperative. Now, a really skilful management would have made one hand wash the other. To the beet-sugar growers the President might have said: "We can't all have everything. You do not wish any cut in the sugar duties, but the Cubans need it and must have it. On the other hand, you do strongly desire the duties on steel and glass and hides reduced or abolished. Take the latter and concede the former." There was the obvious line of union of policy and harmony of party; but, alas, the President had walked away from it with his message of "no tariff change," and the insensate fear of the Republican managers about "opening" the tariff, plunged them into the pickle where they now find themselves.

It may not be too late for them to retrace their steps. Weeks and months must apparently pass before a Cuban bill is enacted. As far as this year's sugar crop is concerned, we fear that the Cuban planter will get no relief. In fact, our information is that the small planters have already been forced to sell their sugar at a loss, and that the bulk of the crop is now owned by the large *centrales*. The argument for great haste being thus weakened, there is now no good reason why a little adjustment might not give us, in the end, a Cuban bill with some needed and wholesome tariff revision of our own added to it. The President would not be averse to it. In fact, we are told that when a horrified protectionist tried to alarm him with the prospect of tariff amendments to the Cuban bill, he quietly said, "The more of them the merrier." Certainly no wise Executive could object to doing a good turn to the Cubans and to Americans at one stroke. At any rate, he and all men can now see that the tariff door is open, and that no man can shut it.

LEGISLATING AGAINST ANARCHISTS.

Our law-makers, both at Washington and Albany, have discovered that an effective measure, directed specifically against anarchism, is as hard to frame as a law compelling men to like summer better than winter. The root of the trouble is that you cannot legislate against a state of mind. When the assassination of President McKinley made the question of dealing with anarchists acute, there was a wild outcry for drastic legislation. We then took the position that our general laws against all forms of violence and incitement to violence are fairly adequate; that a special act, however well intended, can at best but slightly increase the efficacy of the present statutes, while it may either level a blow at freedom of speech or make martyrs of feeble and silly agitators.

The bill which passed the United States Senate on Friday gives Federal jurisdiction over criminal assaults upon the President, or upon any officer in the legal succession to the Presidency. This may be very well, but all the machinery of the Federal courts, and the death penalty itself for an unsuccessful attempt to murder, can have no more practical effect than our laws against suicide. The anarchist who tries to shoot a President hopes to kill, expects punishment, and is wholly indifferent to nice distinctions between State and Federal jurisdiction. Provisions against those who aid, abet, incite, or conspire cannot go beyond our present laws against accomplices, except in severity of penalty. The evidence necessary for conviction must be as clear as ever, and degrees of punishment are trifles to the fanatical mind of an anarchist.

Furthermore, measures to exclude from the country or to refuse to naturalize a man who, from the point of view of pure theory, disbelieves in all organized government, are wholly futile. The anarchist bears on his person no badge of his faith, and surely he would not stick at a lie if he were questioned. Indeed, there is no valid reason why we should keep out "philosophical" anarchists, non-resistants who are victims of the delusion that the world can get along without laws or magistrates. For all practical purposes we might just as well bar out those happy, harmless visionaries who imagine that Bacon wrote Shakspere's plays.

The old bill, drawn by Senator Hill, which Senator Bacon has reintroduced and supported, also fails at the critical point. It gives no clear, working definition of anarchist, simply because no such definition is possible. The bill contains a number of vicious features of administration, but those are really minor objections because the measure in its essentials is unenforceable. In short, the general attitude of Congress was summed up by Senator Hawley on Thursday, when he exclaimed with a fine frenzy: "I have an utter abhorrence of anarchy, and would give a thousand dollars to get a good shot at an anarchist!" If Senator Hawley's hand is no steadier than his mind was at that moment, any anarchist would be glad to earn one thousand dollars by offering himself as a target; for the Senator's bullet and his bill would both go wide of the mark.

The act now before the New York State Legislature is also weak in the vital spot. The report of the Senate Committee on Judiciary expressly says that against the crime of killing or attempting to kill the President, or any other official, we need no additional statutes. Nor do we need a new statute in order to reach those who, without committing an overt act themselves, incite others. Such persons are now made principals under section 29 of the Penal Code. The Committee further admits that the "problem of reaching those who profess and teach the doctrines of anarchy, without themselves attempting or committing or inciting others to attempt or commit any particular crime, is a difficult one." As a matter of fact, the problem is not merely difficult, but hopeless; for you can as easily imprison or hang men for discussing the tariff on su-

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gar, as for professing and teaching anarchism as a merely speculative doctrine. The utter hopelessness of the problem is shown by the Committee's final solution of it in the following definition, which really gives us nothing new:

"Criminal anarchy is the doctrine that organized government should be overthrown by violence or force, or by assassination of the executive head or of any of the executive officials of government, or by any unlawful means. The advocacy of such doctrine either by word of mouth or writing is a felony."

The rest of the bill prescribes pains and penalties for those who by word of mouth or writing advocate the forcible destruction of government and the assassination of rulers; and it declares a gathering of two criminal anarchists an "unlawful assemblage." In practical operation, however, the act can accomplish nothing more than is now accomplished under section 29 of the Penal Code and under section 451, as follows:

"Whenever three or more persons assemble with intent to commit any unlawful act by force; or assemble with intent to carry out any purpose in such a manner as to disturb the public peace; or, being assembled, attempt or threaten any act tending toward a breach of the peace, or any injury to person or property, or any unlawful act, such an assembly is unlawful, and every person participating therein by his presence, aid, or instigation, is guilty of a misdemeanor. But this section shall not be so construed as to prevent the peaceable assembling of persons for lawful purposes of protest or petition."

Under these existing laws, John Most and Emma Goldman have served terms in the penitentiary. Puttering over the petty changes by which two persons instead of three may constitute an unlawful assemblage, and by which the offence is made a felony instead of a misdemeanor, is as useless as stretching out your hand to stop the wind.

No—the malady, like many others of the body politic, cannot be driven off by any purgative of law. Drastic punishments are impotent to restrain; they will serve only to spread the propaganda of anarchism. We must remember that courts and prisons, judges and jailers are not, after all, the great securities of our property and lives. In the maintenance of a just government, our writs, subpœnas, and decisions are dead instruments compared with the force of an active and intelligent public opinion; and although there can be no absolute protection against the vagaries of an anarchist, a just government is our strongest safeguard.

MR. HEPBURN ON CURRENCY REFORM.

At a meeting of the Academy of Political Science at Columbia University last week, Mr. A. B. Hepburn, ex-Comptroller of the Currency, spoke on the monetary problems of the present day. The address was notable in two points, upon which Mr. Hepburn holds views somewhat at variance with those of other currency-reformers. He maintains that the system of clearing-house loan certificates, by which the consequences of monetary stringency are more or less mitigated by the banks in times of panic, cannot be depended upon as a means of relief in such emergencies, and hence must be replaced by some other system. He holds also that the retirement of the greenbacks, however desirable as a step toward a reform of the currency, is not necessary to such reform, and may well be postponed until a better system of banknote issues shall have been devised. In the debate which followed Mr. Hepburn's address, Professor Seligman concurred with the speaker in the opinion that the business community, in depending upon clearing-house loan certificates in times of crisis, is leaning upon a broken reed, and that some better and more legal method of relief should be devised before the next financial cyclone strikes the country.

Banks are required by law, and still more by the rules of business prudence, to keep on hand a certain percentage of cash to meet the demands of depositors. This may consist of anything which passes current and which everybody accepts without question. In times of severe stringency, some banks are likely to be caught short of currency and exposed to failure. In such cases, the failure of one bank will create public alarm and lead to extraordinary demands for currency upon all the banks. The ingredients of a panic thus accumulate with great rapidity, and may within a short time close all the banks except the very strongest, and cause widespread disaster throughout the business community.

On five different occasions the Clearing-house bankers of New York have "pooled their reserves," and have thus checked the prevailing panic. They have put all their cash into one heap, and appointed a committee to parcel it out by means of loan certificates among the banks, according to their indispensable needs, taking as security for the loans the bills receivable of the banks which required such assistance. Virtually, the Clearing-house Loan Committee discounts the paper of the weaker banks. This process can go on legally as long as the common heap of currency lasts. When it is exhausted, however, or is pretty near exhaustion, the banks, even the strong ones, will make difficulties about paying checks, will certify them as "Good through the Clearing-house," and hand them back to the drawer. If the drawer is content with this kind of payment, well and good; but if he is not, the bank must either pay or incontinently "go to protest."

In the panic of 1893 most of the banks of the United States were in a state of virtual suspension for some weeks. Currency was bought and sold at a premium over certified bank checks in Wall Street, while in many places it could not be obtained at all. Numerous substitutes for currency were devised and used —some as small as twenty-five cents —all of which were illegal and were liable to a Federal tax of 10 per cent. Now Mr. Hepburn's thesis is that the country cannot depend upon an illegal method of warding off the effects of a commercial crisis. A time will come —may come any day—when the public will not accept checks stamped "Good through the Clearing-house" in lieu of the cash which they have the right to demand. They may not agree to take these certified checks to brokers' offices and pay from 1 to 5 per cent. for the currency which the checks call for. The business community may be so hard pressed at some future time as to make simultaneous demands on the banks, as was done in 1857, whereby all the banks in New York were closed except one. Moreover, the credit of New York as a financial centre is impaired, both at home and abroad, by the frequent resort to Clearing-house loan certificates, which is another name for bank-suspension either general or partial.

What then shall be done? Mr. Hepburn points to the example of Germany, where the law authorizes banks to issue an emergency circulation upon the payment of a tax of 5 per cent. on the notes issued over and above the normal amount. This privilege was availed of by the Imperial Bank of Germany in the crisis of last year to the amount of more than 100,000,000 marks, and with the happiest results. The bank virtually said to the business community: "Have no fear; we will discount all the good paper that you bring us." And so it did. There was no chance for a panic to gain headway. In fact, there was no panic. Some few speculators were crowded to the wall because their securities would not pass muster, but no solvent trader or manufacturer was allowed to fail if he would pay the moderate tax which was imposed upon the emergency circulation. Certainly a trader who would grumble over a tax of 5 per cent. (which goes into the Imperial Treasury) cannot be very hard pressed.

The moral is that we ought to devise something akin to the German system which has now been in operation a quarter of a century, and which has carried that country safely through half-a-dozen crises of greater or less severity since it was established.

THE FRENCH ELECTIONS.

President Loubet's visit to Russia will fall very opportunely between the proclamation of the Franco-Russian alliance in the Far East and the general election. When the credit of 500,000 francs for the Presidential journey was voted on Monday in the Chamber of Deputies,

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a scene took place which, if insignificant in itself, showed very strikingly the difficulties of the Ministry which is so soon to seek a vote of confidence from the electors. A Socialist rose after the vote and moved that an equal sum be appropriated by the Chamber for the relief of laborers who were out of work. The motion failed, but the incident brought out clearly the strength and the weakness of the Waldeck-Rousseau Ministry, namely, the alliance with the Socialists.

Practically, all sincere and rational opposition to the present Government concerns this "unholy alliance," which, in the view of many of the most respectable party leaders, has already involved the Ministry in dangerously radical legislation, and must infallibly lead to the overthrow of the republic and to anarchy. The most influential orator of the *Ralliés*—the Roman Catholic adherents of the republic—is the Comte de Mun. During the debate on the Associations Law he managed to draw from the Socialist members a practical avowal of their plan for general confiscation. There were other milliards, said one of them, which might be considered after the milliards of the monastic orders had been sufficiently reduced. In the vein of the Comte de Mun, MM. Ribot and Poincaré, leaders of the Progressive Republican party, have recently spoken at Marseilles and Rouen respectively. M. Poincaré expressed profound distrust of Waldeck-Rousseau's Socialist allies:

> "It would be a grave illusion," he said "to imagine that in taming men, one necessarily tames the ideas which they represent. The moderates of the Socialist party—if indeed there be Socialists capable of moderation—themselves distrust the doctrines of their most violent coreligionaries. . . . Only the other day the Socialist Congress at Tours reaffirmed a declaration of principles which in all essentials might have been signed by outright revolutionists."

The outward sign of M. Waldeck-Rousseau's confidence in his Socialist allies was the appointment of the Socialist leader Millerand to be Minister of Commerce; and unless there be some profound hypocrisy involved in "Comrade" Millerand's position, one must feel that M. Waldeck-Rousseau has not only "tamed" his Socialists, but, measurably, their ideas also. In M. Lavy's interesting book, 'L'Oeuvre de Millerand: Un Ministre Socialiste,' are collected the most important addresses of the Socialist Minister, in all of which Socialism appears as a gradual process of reform wholly compatible with any free form of government. As long ago as 1896 in the "Programme de Saint-Mandé," M. Millerand affirmed collectivism to be an irresistible tendency, an inevitable product of social conditions as we find them. "No one can and no one will deliberately bring about collectivism. It is making, day by day, and is, grant me the phrase, the very secretion of the present capitalist régime." Again, in the same speech, he declared the minimum Socialist programme to be: "(1) the nationalizing of the means of production now in capitalist hands—gradually, as fast as the several industries are ready for such transformation; (2) the increase of the powers of the people through universal suffrage; (3) international federation of the working classes"—all of these to be obtained not by "a minority in revolt," but by a "majority conscious of the benefits of such a social transformation."

If Millerand spoke for his party, no one could quarrel seriously with a Socialist propaganda which sought definite reforms by regular parliamentary methods, and appealed not to the war of class—hatred of the capitalist and contempt of the bourgeois—but to the convictions of all the citizens of France. Unfortunately, the utterance of the leader of the Radical Socialists, the eloquent Jaurès, and the resolution of the Guesdists at Tours hardly justify so hopeful a view of the Socialist movement. It is fair to say, however, that in the various municipalities, notably Marseilles, which are governed by Socialists, the necessity of facing definite policies and expressing them in action has very much sobered these radical reformers. On this analogy one would expect to find that three years of constructive legislation with Waldeck-Rousseau has made "parliamentary Socialists" out of many of the Radicals.

M. Waldeck-Rousseau presents to the voters of France a tremendous argument in his three years of brilliant leadership. He found France torn by the passions of the Dreyfus agitation, and brought about, if not theoretical justice, at least peace. He reorganized the General Staff of the army courageously, and yet in such a way that the Nationalists had small pretext for violent recriminations. He came into a Parliament where there was no real majority, and organized from many groups a majority which for two years and a half he has held intact and increased. He has made the Socialists work with him, but has committed the Government to none of their more extravagant demands except the abortive project for old-age pensions. He has carried through the bill restricting the right of association and revising the monastic holdings—a purge which has to be administered every so often in all Roman Catholic countries—without seriously alienating the Catholics. His whole administration has been marked by high statesmanship, or all signs deceive. It is impossible to believe, with his conservative critics, that he has in gayety of heart embarked with a mutinous crew of Socialists on a voyage towards political disaster and oblivion.

France votes next month for or against M. Waldeck-Rousseau. In spite of doctrinaire politicians of high character, the issue is much less a political than a personal one. M. Waldeck-Rousseau not only rests upon his record as Premier, but justly enjoys a certain reflected popularity from the real love which the French nation has learned to give to the sturdiest and simplest and withal most amiable and sagacious figure in politics to-day—President Loubet. The rabble of Legitimists, Bonapartists, Anti-Semites, and reactionaries of all degrees which marches under the flag of Nationalism will make noise out of all proportion to the seriousness of their opposition. We believe that the vote of the arrondissements next month will show that the French are convinced that M. Waldeck-Rousseau has deserved well of the Republic.

THE RAILWAY STRIKE IN ITALY.

ROME, March 10, 1902.

A most animated Italian Rome, truly, gathered in the public squares, lined the streets, filled the balconies, to see the young King on his way from the Quirinal to the Senate-house to open Parliament in person for the first time. Tickets of admission to Palazzo Madama were sparingly given, and the main thoroughfares through which the procession passed were guarded with troops; but the crowds shouted welcome both to the King and to his charming, simple, beautiful young Queen, who looked around with naïve interest and animation. The hall was splendidly decorated, and ablaze with light and color. The throne from which King Victor Emanuel III. spoke is the same whence Carlo Alberto announced the *Statuto* in 1849, and Victor Emanuel II., first King of Italy, proclaimed Italian unity in 1861. The speech occupied barely ten minutes, but one had time to note the various humors of the different groups of Senators, Deputies, and the very limited number of spectators admitted. Considerable curiosity had been evinced by the public and the press as to the actual programme of the second session of the twenty-first Legislature, after a long vacation and the resignation, on the very eve of its inauguration, of the Minister of Public Works, on account of the divorce project, said some—in consequence of his disagreement with his colleagues as to the action to be taken on the burning question of the railways agitation and threatened strikes, according to others.

Hearty applause greeted the King's allusions to his father's worth and loss to the army and the navy; but the decisive affirmation of the attitude of the Government towards the Church, though hailed with vociferous delight by a portion of the assembly, was received in marked silence by others. Few but incisive were the spoken words: "In the relations between the State and the Church, my Government intends to maintain strictly the separation of the civil and spiritual orders; to honor the clergy, but to confine it to the limits of the sanctuary; to pay unlimited respect to religion and to liberty of conscience, but to preserve inflexibly intangible the prerogatives of the civil authority and the rights of national authority." The announcement of the action which the Gov-

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ernment intends to take on the divorce question, and on the still more important question of the rights of illegitimate children to ascertain the names of their fathers and secure maintenance, was less dogmatic, but clear. "On judicial grounds, my Government will propose to temper, in harmony with the common law of other nations, the ideal principle of the indissolubility of civil matrimony; to reform by equitable methods the laws which deprive illegitimate offspring of their right to name and to maintenance." At this paragraph the applause was vociferous, redoubled, enthusiastic on the part of the partisans of divorce, and the silence on the part of the opponents ominously marked. The announcement of the proposed reduction in the price of salt was received good-humoredly, not enthusiastically, while the peroration, which affirmed the "peace and goodwill prevalent at home and abroad," was, by certain portions of the assembly, greeted with silent but evident incredulity.

Despite these diverse symptoms, the welcome given personally to the young King and Queen was hearty and unanimous. You felt—what the press and public did not fail to express immediately afterwards—that the majority approved of him and his policy, of his counsellors and of the programme, while a very strong, compact, but hopeless minority, stanch to the monarchy, deemed that the young sovereign had fallen into the worst possible hands, from which they were, for the present at least, powerless to extricate him. During the rest of the day we happened to find ourselves in a decidedly moderate, not to say reactionary, circle, or rather circles. Here the least hostile, most reasonable, observation made was that the Ministry had erred in judgment in forcing the divorce question into the speech from the throne, before any distinct project had been decided upon by the Cabinet itself. To this, "one who knows," and who has continual means of knowing, observed that the King had insisted on the introduction of the subject, which he has studied profoundly, and on which he has formed a very decided opinion. One can only imagine the next greeting and meeting between young Victor and his mother, whose ultramontane judgments and prejudices do but deepen and increase since her forced retirement from public life.

There is little doubt but that both lovers and haters of the Ministry awoke next morning without any special hopes or fears as to its immediate fate. So little suspicion had the Government of the trap laid for it in silence and darkness that not a single summons had been sent to the rank and file of its supporters, as the election of the Speaker was not regarded as a test of its power. No one seemed to doubt the reëlection of Villa, who had, during the late session, given general satisfaction, on the whole, by his activity and impartiality during the not always peaceful debates. What, then, was the astonishment of all but the plotters when the votes put secretly into the silent urns were counted, and it was found that, out of the 292 present, Villa had received only 142 votes, while the Socialist Costa had 17, there were other scattering votes, and the remaining 137 were blanks, cast by the Sonnino-Rüdini clique, who had resorted to the white-feather manœuvre to defeat the Ministerial candidate! The consternation that followed the proclamation of the result of the voting was almost comic. Zanardelli quietly announced that the Ministry "retired to deliberate," and an hour later it was known that the entire body had sent in their resignation to the King. On the morrow it was at once affirmed that the King had refused to accept the resignation, but, with even more asseveration, that Zanardelli utterly refused to withdraw it, that Giolitti was equally determined, and that the entire Ministry decided to stand by their chiefs. This was all true. Of course, Villa telegraphed his refusal of the Speakership—it was not likely that the man who had been elected unanimously would condescend to accept office with a majority of blank votes! The King found himself in a tight corner, but held firm. The fact that the Opposition had not had the courage to designate a candidate who, by gaining a majority, would have indicated to the King the Constitutional lines to follow, exonerated him from turning to the Sonninians for counsel; for which they were devoutly thankful, as they were quite aware that it would be impossible for them to form a Government. Rather than do this, the King was resolved to dissolve, and to allow the existing Government to appeal to the country.

Meanwhile, the gas strike at Turin had been peacefully settled by arbitration between the gas companies and the representatives of the gas-workers, who had demanded arbitration from the commencement, but had been refused; the companies declining to treat with their delegates. The pressure of public opinion, of the press, and of the chief citizens of Turin compelled them to yield, and the result is that the workmen have secured adhesion to their reasonable demands, which, if conceded at first, would have prevented the strike and the waste of money and time which is the inevitable consequence of all strikes. This solution displeased the reactionists, who had exaggerated the story of the strike, accusing the strikers of the assassination of two carabiniers, who, it is proved, were murdered by some peasants out of revenge.

On the evening of the 24th it was "confidentially" affirmed that Zanardelli had consented to withdraw his resignation, and intended to present the old Ministry to the Chambers intact, minus a new Minister of Public Works; it being his intention to hold that portfolio himself in the interim. On the morrow the apparent enigma was explained by the announcement of the militarization and mobilization of the railway men in the army reserve, of the recall of the class of 1878, but lately dismissed to their homes, with distinct injunctions to the commander of the Ninth Army Corps to deal sternly and instantly with any refractory conscripts. The reason for this drastic measure on the part of the Minister, suspected by many, was soon made manifest to all. The railway servants, whose rights had been recognized at the time of the convention between the Government and the lessee companies in 1885, had been defrauded of them by the latter for seventeen years. Inquests had been made, and endless actions brought against the companies, all resulting in favor of the railway servants; successive Governments had promised redress and failed to fulfil their promises. Lately, the men had proclaimed their ultimatum: the regulation of their collective and individual position, with rules of promotion, of increased payment, of minimum salary, and gradual increase up to a certain maximum, with redress of certain grievances, etc., etc. Some of the lines had accorded the demands in general terms, but the late Minister of Public Works had always refused to confer with the organized representatives of the railway servants—this in homage to the companies, which disdained to treat with them.

Much was hoped from the intervention of Zanardelli and Giolitti; but when the Ministry was overthrown by the underhand plot of the reactionary Opposition, the railway servants, fearing a return of the Pelloux and Sonnino policy, resolved on a universal strike. This put Zanardelli on his metal. He was not the man to leave the King and the country in the lurch, or to trust to other hands the solution of a situation which only the firm and delicate hand of an experienced practitioner could undertake with any chance of success. Moreover, to permit a general strike of railway servants after the circular of January 24, when it was expressly laid down that public servants who had contracted with the heads of public services could not be permitted to suspend work, as private workmen might with private companies, was out of the question. To permit the strike was to admit the rule of anarchy; to allow the reactionists to suppress it by their old methods was to retard liberty and progress for years. By assuming the portfolio of Public Works the veteran statesman took on his own shoulders the entire responsibility of the consequences. The railway workers militarized might rebel—well, they knew what military discipline is, and must be prepared to take the consequences; or the non-militarized portion, which is by far the most numerous, might carry on the strike on their own account, and they could be dealt with only by the ordinary tribunals, and meanwhile, as the ministerial announcement in the official Gazette ran: "A strike on all the great railway lines would profoundly disturb public peace, would suspend the economical life of the country, paralyze the great industries, and hence deprive thousands of workers of the means of procuring their daily bread. It would hinder the cities from procuring food, with the inevitable result of enormously increasing the price of the prime necessaries of life, engendering unheard-of suffering among the poorest classes of the population."

This manifesto was hailed with derisive jeers by the "blood-and-steel" faction; but Zanardelli, wiser in his Old World liberalism than the English legislators for Ireland, while issuing his coercion bill, resolved at the same time on an attempt to redress the grievances of the railway servants one and all, and all at once. So he summoned to Rome all the heads and representatives of the several railway companies, together with all the recognized heads of the representatives of the workingmen—precisely those with whom the railway companies and ex-Minister Giusso had refused contemptuously to treat. And (tell it not in Gath!) some of these belonged to the actually militarized categories, and had to demand permission of their military superiors. A perfect howl of execration burst from the reactionary faction. Nevertheless, at the Ministry of

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Public Works were convened the contending parties, and sittings were held from 8 A. M. even till 8 P. M., with intervals for meeting of the entire Cabinet and daily detailed report to the King of the hour-to-hour progress of the negotiations. The railway companies, frightened out of their wits at the apparent inevitability of the general strike, which they had pooh-poohed in the past, placed themselves and their clients in the hands of the Minister of Public Works, after defining the pecuniary limits which, in the interests of the shareholders, could not be surpassed, "even if the alternative were the rupture of the convention or the dreaded general strike." It must be borne in mind that the lease of the railway lines accorded by the fatal Depretis in 1885, against the judgment of competent authorities including three ex-Ministers of Public Works, against the protests and entreaties of all the patriots on both sides of the House, expires in June, 1905, so that but three years have to run when the Government will have to reconsider the question *ab ovo*, and the companies would not all be broken-hearted if the term should be abbreviated. But this would not be a profitable solution for the nation, as no steps have been taken or even thought of for the state's working the railroads, which are still national property. Hence the extreme difficulty and delicacy of the negotiations.

The conferences commenced on the 5th of March were concluded on the 8th, the most difficult question being the date of the execution of the accorded stipulation. The old servants affirmed that they had a right to back pay from the date of the conventions, but this was disregarded. The representatives of the railway men proposed as a great concession to date from 1900; but here stepped in the Ministers of the Treasury and Finance, objecting that three years' back pay would cost at least thirty-six millions, and that such a project could not be entertained for a moment. "Let us make it 1901," conceded the railway delegates. "Even twenty-four millions are impossible"; and the negotiations seemed at an end. Then Zanardelli threw himself personally into the breach. The companies, he said, have consented to spend over and above their original calculations an extra nine millions; further than that they will not, possibly they cannot, go. Even dating from January 1, 1902, the State will have to furnish for the next three years a sum total which is variously estimated at from twelve to seventeen millions. Even for this sum I must bring a bill before Parliament; a larger sum I will not propose; therefore, it is for you to decide whether, for the difference, you will renounce the present advantages of the thorough and entire organization of the services—a far more important item than an extra sum of money—the certainty of regular advancement, of appeal in case of fines and punishments, and all the innumerable benefits which an organized service offers, instead of a continuation of the quarrels, trials, contradictory sentences which have marked the last sixteen years.

The delegates felt their responsibility to be very heavy, as the great mass of railway men had voted unanimously to stand by their decision. One point, which they all had at heart, was gained. Eleven of the railway servants who had been tried and condemned by default in 1898 have been compelled to reside in foreign countries, certain on their return to be arrested and, of course, excluded from the railway service. These the Minister engaged to intercede for with the companies, or to insure their safe return and indemnity. Clearly, on all hands, there was the greatest possible desire to come to an amicable settlement. Finally, the delegates agreed to accept the date of the 1st of January, 1892, so that the new arrangements will run for three years up to June, 1905, when the nation comes into its own again, and the railway servants will treat anew either with the state or with new companies, though that such will ever be intrusted with the national railways seems utterly impossible at present. The companies have never kept to their contracts, and the lines and rolling-stock are in a shameful state. One thing is certain, that in no country in Europe, not even in France during the great war, is there such scandalous railway service to be found. This, whether you count punctuality, cleanliness, prompt service on passenger trains, or the regularity of goods traffic by slow trains or by express. Those who remember the preconvention times, know to their cost how things have gone from bad to worse, and how the condition of the poor railway men has deteriorated, with longer hours, shorter pay, and fewer numbers, so that one has rarely the heart to make a complaint, knowing that the innocent men will be made the scapegoats of the greedy shareholders and of the upper officials who grind the faces of the workers and worn-out toilers. It was this universal conviction that engendered such universal sympathy for the railway men during the late agitation, and that causes the general satisfaction with which the amicable accord has been attained.

Turati has been the directing mind of the compromise—for that it is a compromise no one can deny. The reactionists are furious, and ask how the Minister can dare to present to Parliament a bill for the concessions, forgetting what a strike would have cost, and that the mobilization itself (as the railway workers were to receive military pay) costs 35,000 lire per day. Naturally, as soon as all is quiet, and when every possibility of a strike is averted, the decree will be recalled, and that will give the Opposition a new grievance to bemoan. On the whole, there is general satisfaction, though the extreme Socialists and the extreme Republicans grumble and denounce the Ministry and the Commissioners. The King is decidedly satisfied with the conduct of his Ministers, and feels justified in his choice more than ever. As for the "last of the old guard" himself, he has a *nunc-dimittis* look on his pale and eager face which one would rather not see. Then, he is frailer and thinner than ever, but as eager as the old war-horse to see the battle out. The affair of the President is settled by old Bianchieri yielding to the King's pleadings and accepting the candidature for the Speakership. No Sonninian or Rudinian would dare to vote against or vote blank with the name of the stanch Constitutional to the fore.

There are thousands of public servants in nearly as bad a plight as the railway servants, whose rights are violated and whose mild remonstrances are disregarded. If the various departments are wise, they will redress the grievances of the postmen and the telegraphists; and the communes may bethink themselves that it is time to pay up the arrears of the miserable salaries due for months to the communal schoolmasters and schoolmistresses. Again far-off Calabria is making its voice heard in appeal, seeing that, of the benefits of unity, it knows nothing but the call of the tax-gatherer and the recruiting-sergeant. The present storm has passed over; a skilful helmsman has saved the vessel from wreck; but, though we breathe freely for the moment, we are far from crying victory all along the line.

J. W. M.

THE VICTOR HUGO CENTENARY.

PARIS, March 10, 1902.

The celebration of the centenary of Victor Hugo is fairly over, and one may already ask one's self whether it was as enthusiastic and as generally popular as the accounts in the daily press, or a part of it, would lead the reader abroad to suppose. The impression made upon me is distinctly that the character of the celebration was official and not popular. There were crowds in the Place de l'Hôtel de Ville, in the Place Victor Hugo, and in the Place des Vosges, called together by the functions that took place there: the reception of the foreign delegates, the unveiling of the curiously designed monument to the memory of the poet, the dedication of the dwelling once inhabited by him (and previously, it is said, by the famous courtesan Marion Delorme, the heroine of his first real acting play). There were very great crowds at the Pantheon to view the tomb and the numerous wreaths of flowers, of which the French are as lavish as any American community. The Rue Saint-Antoine, on Sunday, the 2d, was fairly well packed with a motley assemblage, drawn thither by the ceremony and the speeches, which it neither saw nor heard; but there was lacking the indefinable, though easily recognized and still more easily felt, spirit of popular demonstration and enthusiasm. Nothing comparable, even distantly, to the enormous crowds in 1885, was to be seen anywhere, and even the discredited and glory-shorn Mid-Lent called out more genuine vivacity and *verve*.

The most impressive sight was that of the people waiting in dense lines to enter the Pantheon. On the day I visited it, it took on an average a couple of hours to get in—that is, unless one were provided with a special permit, and thus enabled to pass through the cordon of police. The crowd was composed of all classes of persons, rich and poor, well dressed and poorly garbed, and every one had an interested and eager look. The illuminations also drew well, but that was simply because they were illuminations; their *raison d'être* had nothing whatever to do with the affluence of sightseers. There were no private illuminations, so far as I saw, neither was the decoration of buildings taken up by the general public. This was not for the want of stirring appeals to "pavoiser et illuminer," for each Mayor had launched a proclamation on the subject, and these proclamations were posted everywhere.

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The remarkable thing about them was their literary and poetic character. Every one was different from the others (each Mayor, of course, desiring to prove his title to originality), and they were every one of them very well composed and deserving of being preserved. Thanksgiving proclamations, Gubernatorial or Presidential, are not to be named in the same breath. These Paris appeals to the citizens of the City of Light each had a quotation from the poet's works incorporated in them, and it was a downright treat to peruse the sonorous periods of the great chief of the Romanticists. Edmond Biré would have had something to say to the accuracy of the statements put forth by Hugo, but no one cared for Biré just then, and the delight of the metre and the rhyme and the glory of the language were all sufficient. No one could have charmed more witchingly than these Mayors, yet the average Parisian seems to have been like the deaf adder that stoppeth up her ears. He remained insensible to the appeal, and his house did not break out into fire or flags. In Belleville Quarter, it is said, the reception of the proposal to celebrate the centenary was received in most hostile fashion, for the amiable inhabitants of that quarter have so strong an objection to God and all his works that they declined, in non-academic, but none the less exceedingly clear and vigorous French, to honor a man who had actually sung of the "bon Dieu" in terms of praise.

The most striking feature of the centenary, from a literary and artistic point of view, was not the unveiling of the monument or the turning out of the school from the house in the Place des Vosges, ex-Place Royale, but the revival of "Les Burgraves" at the Théâtre-Français. I understand that the revival cost a lot of money, and certainly everything seems to have been done to insure the putting of the play on the stage in a manner worthy of the first actors in the world in their attempt to galvanize into a simulacrum of life a play incapable of living. The cast is splendid: Mounet-Sully, whose voice still holds those wondrous organ-tones that thrill one to the heart, takes the part of the Comte Job, the centenarian burgrave; Paul Mounet, whose vocal cords have given out under the strain of the shouting he has to indulge in, has Magnus for his share; Silvain does the Emperor Barbarossa; Lambert *fils* plays Otbert; Mme. Segond-Weber is superb as Guanhumara, and Mme. Lara is Regina. No one could ask for a more satisfactory distribution of parts—the more so that the whole performance is exceedingly well balanced, and that none of the performers strive after starring effects. They one and all conscientiously endeavor to lose their own identity in the part they have to represent, and they neither play to the gallery nor to themselves. And they have their reward; for genuine applause (not that led by the wretched *claque*, but the applause that comes spontaneously from a delighted public) greets them frequently. The directions of Victor Hugo and the traditions of the performances in 1843 have been carefully followed, so that there can be no doubt that the play has all the advantages it is possible to fortify it with. Well, with all this in its favor, with the interest lent to it as a revival, with the aid of the superb acting and the positively magnificent stage-setting, the thing is dismally dull.

Heresy, if you will, but truth in heresy. There is no getting over the fact that the drama drags its slow and unwieldy length along, and that one is constantly waiting for that life-like action on which Hugo laid so much stress, and which was declared to be altogether wanting in the masterpieces of Corneille and Racine. As for monologues, the classical drama cannot rival this attempt at dramatized epic. Every blessed one of the principal characters has to talk for half an hour—at least, so it seems to the tired spectator; and Job and Barbarossa and the prisoners feel it necessary each to give a course in variegated history. The one thing that saves these tremendous passages from being unbearable is the admirable delivery and intonation of the actors. They bring out the beauty of the verse—and it is very beautiful verse, much of it—in a way that enchants the ear; but as far as helping on the action of the drama is concerned, these sonorous monologues, full of eccentric names and references to historical events unknown to the vast majority of the hearers, might as well be omitted.

It is very striking, too, that, in his endeavor to be impressive, Hugo has repeatedly failed to attain even ordinary impressiveness. The scene in which the tattered pilgrim declares himself to be Barbarossa is lamentably weak and flat. Not all the efforts of Silvain, not all the attempts of Magnus, Hatto, Otbert, and the assembled burgraves, margraves, counts, and barons to appear startled and terrified, could save it. No one was awed, no one was startled, no one impressed, save, I confess it to my shame, with a feeling akin to laughter—so nearly akin to it, indeed, that the difference is infinitesimal. And who could wonder at it? Who could blame the bandit barons for refusing to recognize in the fat mendicant, with abundant white beard and tatterdemalion garments, the tremendous and awe-inspiring figure of the redoubtable Frederick Barbarossa? Silvain had to dress the part as required by Hugo. Well, the result is a total elimination of majesty, of grandeur, of the sense of power, and Hatto was fully justified in calling the dread monarch a buffoon. The shining figure in the play is that of Guanhumara, played, as I have said, by Mme. Segond-Weber. Assuredly, that is the one triumph of the revival, and those who have been fortunate to see her in that part will have reason to congratulate themselves. She was the only character that did impress one with the sense of an epic figure, of a really formidable personage, and her whole acting was one continuous triumph.

One more point about this centenary: it is the amazing variety of aspect which Hugo appears to have exhibited during his lifetime. That he was chameleonic in his beliefs, political and religious, is well known; and few, save extremists, dream of blaming him for that. Man has a right to change; and if Hugo took full advantage thereof, who shall say him nay? But can he have looked so differently from himself? Was he so many men in one? There is a portrait of him in one of the new panels "inaugurated" on the façade of the Théâtre-Français, a medallion in high relief. There is another in the foyer of the house, on the right of Houdon's magnificent statue of Voltaire (assuredly the finest portrait sculptor ever made). This new bust occupies the pedestal on which rested, until a week ago, another bust of Voltaire, "with his hideous smile," as Musset termed it. Then there are the Bonnat portrait and the David d'Angers one, and countless others, taken at various times during the poet's life, and one after death. It is hard to believe that he could have looked like one and all of them, and also like what he is represented on the top of his new monument in the Square that bears his name. The inevitable woman who pervades French art, high and low, is there, of course—four times over, and in attitudes more remarkable for their daring than their grace. But by-and-by, in future centuries, people will ask themselves what Hugo really looked like, and the *savants* of that day will tender them many a counterfeit presentment which will heighten their wonder and prevent their coming to a satisfactory conclusion.

F. C. DE SUMICHRAST.

LUDWIG FULDA.

CLEVELAND, March 17, 1902.

It was in March, 1890, after less than two years of imperial power, that Kaiser Wilhelm II. made his bold and withal wise move in European politics by dismissing the Iron Chancellor with the grandiloquent title of Herzog von Lauenburg, which Bismarck said he would use when he wished to travel incognito. The Kaiser was at once accused of ingratitude and megalomania, the madness of the Cæsars which ruined the Roman Empire. Even Young Germany was amazed at the intrepidity of its dashing leader: hoary wiseacres predicted that Bismarck would soon be recalled to the helm to pilot the ship of state out from the dangerous reefs upon which the Emperor was surely running it. Twelve years have shown the world that the young ruler not only can guide his Government as well as the old statesman ever did, but also that he can accomplish his every end by the brilliant insight of intellectual genius, not by the stolid stubbornness of brutal violence.

Not since the days in which Aristophanes so mercilessly and so fearlessly lashed the demagogue Cleon and his political tyranny in "The Knights" and "The Wasps," has a dramatic author dared to present such keen political satire to the public as Fulda did in his "Talisman." There can be no doubt as to who is meant by this king who claims the valor of all heroes, the wisdom of all sages, and says that the Almighty alone is his peer. Nor can we mistake the noble and valiant knight, invincible in the war against the Heathen (*sic*), who has been dismissed from the first office of the land since he frankly said he could not see the bright halo which a treacherous rival for the chancellorship persuaded the king ever gleams about his royal head.

Ludwig Fulda was born July 15, 1862, at Frankfort-on-the-Main, of wealthy Jew parentage. As a child he was frail and dreamy. After graduating from the gymnasium of his native town, he studied philosophy and Germanic philology at the universities of Heidelberg, Berlin, and Leipzig. In 1883 he took the degree of Doctor of Philosophy at the University of Heidelberg. His dissertation was a monograph on the now almost forgotten German poet Chris-

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tian Weise. He began his literary career in Munich as an ardent admirer and disciple of the veteran Paul Heyse. To this day he never fails to make an annual visit to his revered master in his villa at Gardone on the beautiful Lago di Garda. Last spring, shortly after the great Berlin success of the young poet's "Die Zwillingsschwester," I saw him walking arm in arm with the venerable Altmeister among the ruins of Catullus's villa near Sirmione, on the southern end of the lake. It was refreshing to see one of the Youngest Germans who still loved and venerated the old master, twenty years ago the foremost figure in German literature, at whom it is quite the vogue now to shrug one's shoulders. Fulda should, indeed, be grateful to Heyse: it is from him that he learned his exquisite art, the careful form in which his thought is always cast, and the perfect finish of each fine phrase.

After leaving Munich, Fulda lived a short time in Frankfort, just long enough to loathe the intellectual provincialism of the place; in 1888 he moved to Berlin, which is now his permanent home. He first appeared as a playwright with several little one-act comedies in prose in the style of Wilbrandt. "Unter Vier Augen" (1887) is the best of these, and quite good of its kind. It is the story of a young husband who convinces his socially ambitious wife, on the night of her first dinner-party, that real home life is better than all social dissipation. There is in it much fine satire on "the best society." But, like most tyros in comedy, the young author relies too much upon *jeu de mots*, and it is too apparent that he is incorporating wit and wisdom gained from reading rather than from experience.

Carried away by the success of Sudermann and Hauptmann in the social drama, Fulda produced several very realistic plays, the best of which is "Die Sklavin" (1892). It is the story of a German wine-dealer who treats his wife as a slave, and subjects her to such brutal indignities that she leaves him. Suicide would have been the usual realistic solution for the social outcast but for a *deus ex machina*, in the form of a young widower, who takes her to his home. The play is no worse and no better than a hundred other German plays of to-day, and, like all of them, has no significance for real dramatic literature. The German woman question, however serious in itself, has no affinity with art.

There is a Hindu proverb which says, "Of the two kinds of blind men, he is most blind who is deceived by the material world." Fulda, like every true artist, soon saw that real ephemeral persons and events may be interesting enough, but that the verities of life and art, however often they may need restatement, are the same in all ages, and that art should deal with ideal types in their eternal relations. The German nature is naïve and lyric as that of a child, Berlin to the contrary notwithstanding—for Berlin is even less representative of Germany to-day than Paris is of France. The German nature has ever loved the fairy-tale beyond all others. The deepest and most suggestive of German sages, Herder, wrote; "No other form of poetic art knows how to say such fine and deep things to the human heart as does the fairy-tale." Fulda knew his countrymen well when he turned to the Märchendrama in the "Talisman." He took his plot from Andersen's charming tale, "The Emperor's New Clothes." The story itself, in a slightly different form, is world-old. From Hindu lore it found its way into early German literature through the "Pfaffe Amis," and was, of course, settled upon the merriest of mediæval rogues, Till Eulenspiegel. In Andersen two rogues impose upon a foolish old king by pretending to make for him a robe which is invisible to all who are either stupid or bad. No one, not even the king, can see it, for there is nothing to see, but all pretend to see it plainly and rave over its beauty. When the king is promenading to show the people his gorgeous raiment, a little child cries out, "Why, the king has nothing on!" But the monarch refuses to be disillusioned.

In Fulda's "Talisman" all this merry nonsense is given its deep psychological significance. The obtuse old monarch is changed into a fiery young despot, who deems himself clairvoyant, but is really blinded by adulation. He knows he cannot see the robe, and that his nature is bad, but decides that his very wickedness shall make him greater. With clear insight into the King's inner nature, Omar, the son of the banished chancellor, skilfully disillusions the megalomaniac by means of the pretended robe. In the old story the hero was only a clever rogue, but here he is the personified type of moral greatness. Andersen's little child becomes the simple merry Rita, whose prototype in the Märchendrama is unmistakably Mirza in Grillparzer's "Traum, ein Leben." The political satire is superb—the sycophant courtiers, deceived deceivers, who all vow they see the robe, but quarrel as to its color and texture; the king, who actually believes that he alone cannot see it, but dare not say so; the people, divided into factions, liberals and conservatives, in their zeal to see it. The climax could not be finer: the King in his underclothes parades before the people in a magnificent pageant to display the robe. Rita cries out ingenuously that he has nothing on, and then naïvely remarks to the enraged monarch:

"Herr, kann dich das im Ernst erbosen?
Du bleibst der König—auch in Unterbosen."

"Sire, can that really put you in a rage?
You still are king—even in underdrawers."

When the King finally pardons Omar and Rita, condemned to die together, and offers him the first office of the land, Omar takes Rita by the hand and leaves the insipid court, to dwell with her and her old father, the inimitable Habakuk, in his little cottage. To the King he leaves his talisman—

"Der Mut der Wahrheit ist der Talisman."
"The courage of the truth, that is the Talisman."

The whole drama is thoroughly unconventional; it has none of the inevitable stock figures of German comedy. The satire is most subtle and the merriment exhilarating. Through all runs a clear vein of rich poetry and deep thought. The form is simply perfect; it would be hard to find in all dramatic literature more exquisite art. Of course, the realistic critics held up their hands in horror at the reappearance of the Märchendrama. Was the German drama to go back to the days of Tieck and his "Puss-in-Boots," of Platen and his "Silver Slipper"? By no means. Fulda saw far deeper into the significance of the Märchendrama than ever did the Romanticists, and knew that, restated, it could be made most serviceable. He had studied carefully Grillparzer's "Traum, ein Leben," and saw in it a form of the drama which, used discreetly and not too often, could express more real truth than all the realistic formlessness of modern stage-plays. He restored again to their old supremacy the fine fancy and rich imagination of the German poet. He realized one of the fundamental facts of art, that for each folk there is an indigenous form in which alone its genius can be fully expressed. That he was right was attested by the success not only of his "Talisman" (1893), but also of Hauptmann's "Versunkene Glocke" (1896), and Sudermann's "Die Drei Reiherfedern" (1898).

Fulda's latest drama, "Die Zwillingsschwester," a comedy in verse of Italian cinquecento life, is now being played night after night in Berlin, Vienna, Munich, London, Paris, and New York. It was first brought out by Agnes Sorma on February 21, 1901, at the Lessing Theater in Berlin. The success was unprecedented; Fulda appeared several times before the curtain. He is now a tall, thin, ungainly man, with very dark eyes and black moustache. The most characteristic feature about him is his sarcastic smile. "Die Zwillingsschwester" was produced in New York first in German by Herr Conried at the Irving Place Theatre, the one theatre with a real literary and artistic standard in this country. Its success was so great that it was at once adapted into English ("The Twin Sister") by Louis N. Parker, and put on at the Empire, where it is equally successful.

"Die Zwillingsschwester" is a play of pure fancy, entirely removed from this noisy work-a-day world; its success is a severe blow to the realists. The story has all the rich flavor of Boccaccio without his lubricity. Count Orlando della Torre of Padua is weary of his beautiful young wife, and longs for a change in the conjugal monotony. He decides to go with his jolly companion Parabosco to Venice for a lark. His noble wife Giuditta pretends to leave for a sojourn with her mother, but soon returns as her own maiden twin sister, the merry Renata, who was expected on a visit. Orlando, forced to remain at home to entertain the supposed Renata, falls desperately in love—with his own wife, as does also Parabosco! Thus Giuditta, as Renata, again fascinates and wins—her own husband. When the real Renata arrives, all is delightfully cleared up, and Orlando declares no other woman in the world but his own wife could have tempted him to taste forbidden fruit.

No better comedy has ever been written than the scenes where Orlando falls so passionately in love with his own wife; the disclosure and reconciliation at the end are simply inimitable. The manner in which Sorma brings out the subtle shades of difference between the twin sisters is a triumph of her art. Just a tinge more of life and gayety in the merry maiden Renata makes her more fascinating to Orlando than the slightly subdued wife Giuditta. Just such a merry maiden had Giuditta herself been when she first won her husband; just such Sorma makes her again to win him back. In addition to this excellent characterization, there is a wealth

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of rollicking merriment and epigrammatic wit. Let one example suffice:

"Der Mann ist doch ein Mann, nicht nur ein Gatte."

"A married man is still a man, not merely a husband."

What the realists have given us so much gratuitous filth to portray is here most deftly worked out. As Giuditta gleefully taunts her repentant husband, an incontinent man has eyes for every other woman

"Except his wife—until in borrowed guise
She turn herself into forbidden fruit."

Fulda has also written some good poems and fine epigrams, besides giving the Germans his excellent translations of Molière and Rostand. Like the latter dramatist, he has a remarkably felicitous way of putting things. He may not have the deep poetic insight that Hauptmann once had, nor the great power of thought that Sudermann still has, but he is more of an artist than either. He has less to say, but he can say it much better than either.

EDWARD STOCKTON MEYER.

Correspondence.

OUR DUTY TO CUBA.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: There appears a communication from "I. J. W.," in your number of March 13, under the heading "Our Duty to Cuba," criticising the comments of the *Nation* on the conduct of the House of Representatives in dealing with the question of Cuban reciprocity. The customs tariff of Cuba was prepared by the United States Government, and numerous amendments have been introduced by that Government since the occupation of the island, directing the appraisal of foreign goods by certain (higher) sections, and that of American goods by certain other sections. This has increased American importations into Cuba. Representatives from this island have clearly pointed out that Cuba is willing to make further concessions to encourage and protect trade with the United States, yet Cuba has had no chance to introduce amendments in the United States customs tariff, which remains unchanged *against* all Cuban products. It may, therefore, be seen that the problem is one of mutual commercial advantage, to be decided by broadminded business men who will not be influenced by petty personal conceptions such as those of "I. J. W.," whose brain could suggest no better comparison than his refusal to contribute alms to a street beggar.

R. G. MENDOZA.

HAVANA, March 19, 1902.

RIZAL'S PATRIOTIC HOROSCOPE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In the light of subsequent events, it is thought that the following extract from an article written by José Rizal may be of interest to readers of the *Nation*. The article was headed "Filipinas* within a Hundred Years," and appeared September 30, 1889, in *La Solidaridad*, the organ of that band of brilliant and courageous young Filipinos, like Rizal, Luna and Del Pilar, several of whom gave up their lives for love of country. Rizal never advocated separation from Spain and independence for the Philippines; he only pleaded for reforms, and prophesied that separation and independence must ultimately result unless reforms should be made. Such is the tenor of the article from which the following extract has been translated:

"If Filipinas shall attain independence at the end of a heroic and desperate struggle, can it be certain that England, Germany, France, or even Holland will not venture to seize what Spain has not been able to hold? *Africa for some years will absorb* the entire attention of Europe. There is no sensible nation which, for a paltry handful of poor but war-inured islands, will turn its attention away from the immense tracts of virgin territory, unexploited and undefended, to which the Dark Continent invites it.

"England has colonies enough in the Orient, and is not going to run the risk of losing her balance; she is not going to risk her possession of India for the poor Philippine archipelago. Had she cherished such a purpose she would never have withdrawn from Manila in 1763. She would have kept a post in the islands from which gradually to have extended her domain. Besides, why does the great merchant John Bull need to concern himself about Filipinas, for Filipinas is not the mistress of the Orient, while there are Singapore, Hong Kong, Shanghai, etc.? Probably England will look with kindly eyes upon the independence of Filipinas, which would throw open its ports and give her commerce free trade. And, further, there are tendencies and opinions in the United Kingdom which hold that it possesses already too many foreign colonies, and that they only injure and weaken the mother country.

"For like reasons Germany will not take the risk. The inequality of her strength and a war in foreign lands would endanger her existence on the Continent. So we see that her activity, in the Pacific as well as in Africa, is limited to conquering *easy territory that does not belong to anybody.* Germany is keeping out of every external complication.

"France has enough to do in Tonkin and China, and looks for her future there. Besides, the French spirit displays little love of colonization. France loves glory, but the glory and the laurels that spring from European battle-fields. The echo from the battle-fields of the extreme Orient does not satisfy her craving; it is too much dulled by distance. France, moreover, has other business to attend to, not only within her own bounds, but on the Continent.

"Holland is sensible. She will be content to hold the Moluccas and Java. Sumatra holds out to her a brighter prospect than Filipinas, whose seas and coasts are not propitious to Dutch expeditions. Holland is proceeding with a good deal of caution in Sumatra and Borneo for fear of losing them.

"China will consider herself happy enough if she succeeds in maintaining her unity and escaping dismemberment at the hands of the European Powers that are colonizing the Asiatic Continent.

"The same is true of Japan. She has at the north Russia watching her with covetous eye, and at the south England, whose tongue she has adopted as her official language. And she is under such diplomatic pressure from Europe that she cannot think of the exterior until she has freed herself from it. She has an excess of population, it is true, but is more drawn to Korea than to Filipinas; and, besides, Korea is more easy to take.

"Perhaps the great American Republic, which has interests in the Pacific and does not share in the spoils of Africa, may some day think of ultramarine possessions. This is not impossible, since example is contagious, and greed and ambition are vices of the strong. Harrison has already manifested something of the spirit in the Samoan affair. But the Panama Canal is not yet opened, and the territory within the States is not yet thickly settled. And even though the United States should openly attempt the conquest of Filipinas, the Powers of Europe would interfere; for they know very well that the appetite for conquest is excited by the first mouthful. North America would be too troublesome a rival if once it should begin the practice of colonization and conquest. It is, furthermore, against its traditions."

Very respectfully,

M. F. STEELE.

ANGEL ISLAND, CAL., March 12, 1902.

* Rizal, Del Pilar, Murgas and other Filipino writers almost invariably wrote *Filipinas* instead of *Las Filipinas*, and treated the word as a singular noun, thus, "Filipinas *es* mi patria," like, "the United States *is* my country."

KHAKI.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: British Jingoes want to put Boers to death for wearing khaki, which they say is the British uniform. The Boer, I take it, in his present condition, wears the captured clothes of his enemy, not for the purpose of treachery, but because he has no clothes left of his own. Such an appropriation of the clothes of the enemy was, I believe, not deemed a breach of the laws of war before the Hague Conference; and from the Hague Conference, the Transvaal republic, at the instance of the British Government, was excluded.

However, khaki is not the British uniform. The British uniform is red, except for the artillery and one regiment of Horse Guards, the uniform of which is blue. Khaki is worn, not for the purpose of distinction, but for that of safety, as least presenting a mark for rifles; and its use, like that of defensive armor, must be open to all the world.

EQUITY.

March 18, 1902.

THE ETYMOLOGY OF "RATLINGS."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In this part of the country the name "ratlings" (sometimes spelled "rattlings") is given to kindling that has been cut into strips about four feet long and tied up in bundles. I have never heard the word used in connection with any other kind of kindling. The etymology seems to be obscure. Is it perhaps related to the nautical term *ratlines* and its variants *ratlins*, *ratlings*, and *rattlings?* I conjecture, though, that it may be akin to M. E. *rattes*, rags, M. E. *ratten*, to tear, Icel. *hrat*, *hrati*, rubbish, trash, Norw. *rat*, rubbish (cp. *ratgods*, refuse goods), Sw., Norw. *rata*, to reject, refuse, Eng. *rate*, to refuse, find fault with.

CHARLES BUNDY WILSON.

IOWA CITY, IOWA, March 15, 1902.

Notes.

The Société des Bibliophiles Français, founded in 1820, is about to publish an account of "quite a family" of manuscripts of St. Augustine's 'City of God,' illuminated by artists of the middle and end of the fifteenth century. This important work, which will make its appearance towards the close of the present year, will be illustrated by numerous reproductions from the manuscripts in question, which are found some in the National Library in Paris, some in the libraries of La Haye, Nantes, Mâcon, etc. The Society's home is at Paris, No. 31 Rue Cambon.

The Grafton Press announces 'The Official Golf Guide and Annual, for 1902,' com-

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piled and edited by W. G. van Tassel Sutphen.

'What's What, at Home and Abroad,' is a pocket handy-book for the housewife, the sportsman, and the man of affairs, about to be published by the Bradley-White Co. of this city.

Infallibly recurring annuals are Dr. W. J. Rolfe's compact 'Satchel Guide for the Vacation Tourist in Europe,' of which the thirty-first issue (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) is enlivened by prefatory allusions to antiquated misinformation in rival guides; and that most useful and painstaking "Year-book of Philanthropy," 'Burdett's Hospitals and Charities' for 1902 (London: The Scientific Press; New York: Scribners), of which the index fills 55 triple-columned pages. Novel is "a carefully selected list of sanatoria for the open-air treatment of tuberculosis." The editor is able to congratulate himself on the enforced adoption of his uniform system of accounts by the hospitals and public institutions of Queensland. There is nothing to compare with this combined register, comment, and statistics for the whole world's charity to man.

The Dent-Macmillan reissue of Thackeray's Prose Works, edited by Walter Jerrold and illustrated by Charles E. Brock, proceeds with 'Pendennis' in three volumes and 'Barry Lyndon' in one. These are soberly attired in olive cloth, with clear, if condensed, letterpress. Laurence's portrait of Thackeray, now in the National Gallery, which FitzGerald considered the most faithful presentment for posterity, is the leading frontispiece. The others are part of Mr. Brock's clever series, which are partly let into the text, partly occupy a full page, often in red chalk. Mr. Jerrold's function is bibliographical, and is modestly discharged.

It is fourteen years since we had the pleasure of praising Mr. Reuben Gold Thwaites's 'Down Historic Waterways: Six Hundred Miles of Canoeing upon Illinois and Wisconsin Rivers' (Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.). In bringing out a new edition, with some pruning and some rearrangement, the author is able to justify himself by saying that, for all practical purposes, the "waterways" are unchanged since he made his entertaining record of their attractions for the canoeist. Hence the little volume remains a faithful guide. He has much enhanced its worth to the general reader by eight full-page photographic illustrations of scenery along the course. The view of the junction of the Wisconsin River with the Mississippi is one of the most striking.

The Merrymount Press has been called in to the making of John Lane's delectable little reprint of Bacon's essay 'Of Gardens.' Mr. Edmund New, who designs the pleasing cover, also attempts a bird's-eye view of the garden recommended by Bacon—"best to be Square; Incompassed, on all the Foure Sides, with a Stately Arched Hedge," with its "Greene in the Entrance; A Heath or Desart in the Going forth; and the Maine Garden in the midst," "a Faire Mount, with three Ascents," alleys, living fountains, and flowers or greenery for every season.

In 'Lilies for English Gardens,' by Gertrude Jekyll (Scribners), we find a great deal of well-arranged information in regard to this attractive group of plants. The illustrations are all of a high order of excellence, and the information is trustworthy. With some important modifications here and there, the directions for cultivating the better sorts answer pretty well for our more exacting climate, while the hints for grouping need absolutely no change. It is very pleasant to observe that the later photographs of flowers in most of the leading horticultural publications have been so successful in expressing "color values." It is to be hoped that the old style of dead flatness in photographs of flowers will never be brought back. In the present work, color values are well given. To all amateur cultivators of lilies this book by a "working amateur for thirty years" can be heartily commended.

The fourth and closing volume of Professor Bailey's 'Cyclopædia of American Horticulture' (Macmillan) follows out the lines judiciously laid down at the outset of the great undertaking. The editorial skill shown throughout the work is very marked, and the editors are to be sincerely congratulated upon the coöperation which they have received from their contributors and from the printers. The patience of the editors and of the printers must have been severely tried by some of the engravings, a few of which are wholly unworthy of the work. The printing of this volume is distinctly better than that of the first. It is pleasant to learn that Professor Bailey suggests the publication each year of a supplemental pamphlet, of about a hundred pages, uniform with the page of the Cyclopædia. From the preface we are told that the manuscript of the first supplement, comprising a key to all the families and genera mentioned in the Cyclopædia, has been prepared. The second, devoted to the Bibliography of American Horticulture, is also ready. These supplements are "not definitely promised, but they will be made if there is sufficient demand for them." Certainly the demand should be imperative.

Old associations would prompt to gentle treatment, if that were in any way possible, of the many-editioned Eadie's 'Biblical Cyclopædia.' Its old-fashioned picturesqueness of expression and illustration survives in its new form (Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.), but its old-fashioned attitudes survive as well. Yet it has been "revised throughout," so the phrase runs. As revisers are named Sayce, Tristram, W. M. Ramsay, Vernon Bartlet, Pinches, and Redpath. These must pass on from one to the other the responsibility for the present very strange product. In geography, natural history, Oriental customs, and non-dangerous subjects generally they have produced quite bright and telling little articles. The archæological elements are also fairly good, though of the happy-go-lucky type familiar to us in Professor Sayce's books. But critical and contentious matter is sternly ruled out. Such statements of date, authorship and purpose, of history and interpretation, as are made, are of a frankly antediluvian character. It is all a great pity, for 'Eadie' had many excellent features, but the way is still clear for a good one-volume dictionary of the Bible.

Dr. G. Woosung Wade's 'Old Testament History' is a very solid little book of nearly 550 pages (Dutton & Co.). It does not claim originality, and certainly has none, but follows diligently in the footsteps of the "authorities," while keeping as close to the Biblical "Authority" as is fairly possible. Contentious matter is dropped to small type, where it at least looks less. The book is usefully arranged (chapters on history and religion alternating with one another), is full and clear, and will probably be of assistance to less advanced students, who will hardly find it light reading. More cannot be said for it.

We commend for very interesting reading Prof. S. B. Christy's biographical notice of the late Prof. Joseph Le Conte, read before the American Institute of Mining Engineers in November last, and published in its Transactions as well as in a Bulletin of the University of California's Department of Mining and Metallurgy, with a portrait. Prof. Christy had the privilege of perusing the autobiography left behind by his subject, which covers nearly 600 closely written pages, and which he pronounces fascinating. Its publication may be looked for. The brochure closes with a list of Prof. Le Conte's writings.

The most interesting, though not the most important, of the Consular Reports for March are those treating of new fields for American trade. A consulate was opened a year ago at Harput for the two Turkish provinces from which comes four-fifths of the emigration from Asia Minor to the United States. Nearly every family has a member or relative here, and their annual remittances have reached half a million dollars. At present the amount is about $200,000. A year's experience leads the consul to believe that there is a profitable market especially for agricultural implements and sewing-machines. Of these, 332 have been sold by one agency in fifteen months. The chief export to the United States was sausage-casings. In Siam, a country which has a most promising future, our trade increased last year more than 72 per cent., double that of any other nation, notwithstanding the fact that "there has not been a vessel of any description flying the United States flag in this port [Bangkok] since 1896." Among other subjects of interest touched upon are the economic conditions in Great Britain, and the unfavorable influence of trade-unionism on the workman, and the methods by which the sugar-producers' and refiners' syndicate maintain high prices in Germany. Ordinary white lump sugar costs to-day in Berlin, writes our consul-general, "nearly three times what is charged for the same grade of German-made sugar in London, and this at a moment when Germany has just harvested the largest beet-sugar crop in her history, and when industrial depression and diminished wages render high prices for any food material especially burdensome to the people."

The conviction, on the part of the Prussian Government, that the efficiency of judicial and administrative officers nowadays involves at least some insight into technical questions, must be the cause of the recent appointment of two members of the faculty of the Technical High School to simultaneous professorships at the University of Berlin, where Professor Slaby will henceforth lecture on electrotechnics, and Prof. Eugene Meyer on mechanical technics and technical physics. For mathematical and scientific students in the University this new departure means an extension of university work into the field of applied

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science, a movement begun at Göttingen a few years ago.

Professor Seybold, who is preparing a new catalogue of the Oriental department of the University library of Tübingen, has discovered what the *Vossische-Zeitung* declares to be the earliest manuscript of the 'Thousand and One Nights' in existence, being fully five hundred years old. It contains, besides many variants, one story found in no other copy of this collection. Professor Seybold has also discovered another valuable novelty in the shape of a Druse manuscript, giving full details of the peculiar teachings and tenets of that strange sect in the Lebanon district. These finds are both to be published.

The Italian Ministry announces that the commission appointed by the Government for the purpose of publishing the Pandects of Justinian will, in the near future, issue a photographic reproduction of the famous Codex Pisanus-Florentinus, under the auspices of the directors of the Laurentian Library. The codex covers 1,844 pages, which the introduction will swell to some 2,000 pages. The work is to be completed within three years, a fascicule of 200 plates appearing every three months. The work is being done by the firm of Danesi in Rome. Of the hundred numbered copies, only seventy are to be open to the book trade. The subscription price is 800 lire.

The libraries of Rome have recently been increased by an interesting collection, secured through the exertions of that champion globe-trotter, Giovanni Vigua del Ferro, who, in 1898, accompanied the Italian expedition to China in the official capacity of an interpreter, and, at the conflagration of the imperial palace in Pekin, managed to save a large part of the library. A catalogue is in preparation.

The first call for the twelfth International Congress of Orientalists has been issued by the committee, the convention to be held in Hamburg, beginning on the 4th and ending on the 10th of September of the present year. The work will be distributed among nine sections, viz.: (1) Linguistics and General Indo-European Department; (2) India and Irania; (3) Farther India and Oceanica; (4) Central and Eastern Asia; (5) General Semitic Department; (6) Islamic Peoples; (7) Egyptian and African Languages; (8) Intercourse between the Orient and the Occident, in both ancient and modern times; (9) Colonies in the Orient.

Would-be competitors for the Justin Winsor prize of $100, offered by the American Historical Association for the encouragement of historical research, for the year 1902—and they must be "writers who have not yet published any considerable work or obtained an established reputation"—should address Prof. Charles M. Andrews, Bryn Mawr, Pa. The prize has been awarded only three times since 1896.

Mr. William I. Fletcher's Summer School of Library Economy at Amherst enters upon its twelfth year with a six weeks' session, beginning July 7.

—Mr. Worthington C. Ford has royally kept his promise to the subscribers to his publication of the 'Journals of the House of Representatives of his Majesty's Province of the Massachusetts-Bay, 1715' (Boston). A more elegant production is seldom seen; but this is much more than a reprint in the old manner of typography. The gap in the Journals has been filled in, as proposed, with the Minutes of the Council, which reflect the House's action, while the editor himself has supplied an illuminating preface, a list of the members of the House, and an index. In the list of members one is struck with the occurrence of names which are strongly local to this day, as, Winthrop for Boston, Clap for Dorchester, Thaxter for Hingham, Tufts for Medford, Coffin for Nantucket. The main political action of this first year of George the First's reign is divided between the supersession of Gov. Dudley by Gov. Burges and the former's ineffectual efforts to induce the House to substitute taxation for paper money. Among bills considered was one (already) for the preservation of pine trees. In dealing with one of its own members, the House expelled John Randall, member for Rochester, as "a Profane person," who also "stands Convict of Scandalous Immorality." Like some of our latter-day legislators, "he expressed himself unconcern'd to clear his Reputation"; but this was not accepted as a vindication. His constituents, too, were "Reprimanded for their abusing their Privilege, in Electing and Sending a person of such an Ignominious Character to Represent them." Two instances are reported of refugees from the South asking for an abatement of the duty on the black slaves accompanying them; one, "Archibald Stobo, a Minister of the Gospel, lately arriv'd from Carolina, Driven from his Habitation there by the Hostility of the Indians." His importation consisted of eleven negro women and children. Another clergyman, "Joseph Lord, Pastor of the Church at Dorchester, in South Carolina," asks that an Indian girl attending his children may be admitted and remain, "the Law of the Province to the contrary notwithstanding." This was granted, provided she ultimately departed with the family, "and that he do not make Merchandize of her in the mean time."

—Ten years ago, in reviewing Prof. Charles Eliot Norton's translation of the 'Divine Comedy' (Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), on its first publication, we compared it, passage by passage, with the other English prose versions, and showed that it excelled them all. Now Professor Norton has issued a revised edition of his work, and its superiority over its competitors is still more evident. This revision might almost be called a new translation, so frequently does it vary from the former. Greater accuracy and a smoother reading in English have been Mr. Norton's aim, and he has achieved it by indefatigable industry with the file, and by the application of his very delicate critical sense to the minutest verbal details. Whoever compares the new interpretation with the old will have a rare lesson in Dante exegesis; such a comparison will give, further, an insight into the way in which clear writing, like Mr. Norton's, is perfected. For instance, "The army of Christ, which it had cost so dear to arm afresh, was moving slow, mistrustful, and scattered, behind the standard" (Paradise, xii., 37-39), becomes "The army of Christ, which it cost so dear to arm afresh, was moving behind the standard, slow, mistrustful, and scanty." The improvement is obvious. If we could sum up in a word wherein Mr. Norton excels all other translators of Dante, that word would be fidelity—equal fidelity to the letter and to the spirit of the text. John Carlyle and Dugdale are certainly readable; so is Mr. A. J. Butler in certain passages; so also is Sir Edward Sullivan; but, one and all, they fall short in fidelity. Carlyle, like the Bible translators, sometimes fills out his sentence with italicized words or phrases not in the original, and the texture of his English is not uniformly compact. Dugdale does not always guard against such a phrase as "literary glory" for *La gloria della lingua* (Purg., xi., 98). Butler tends towards the style of the modern sensational novelist, as where he transforms *e scolorocci il viso* into the un-Dantesque "and change the hue of our visages" (Hell, v., 131)! Sullivan, with Celtic audacity, ventures to supply an adjective, or to attach a secondary meaning to Dante's words; thus, where Dante makes Count Ugolino exclaim, "Ahi dura terra, perchè non t'apristi," the Irish baronet makes him address the "*stony-bosomed* earth" (Hell, xxxiii., 66). Cited singly these examples may seem trivial; but they really illustrate temperamental peculiarities which continually crop out to mar the various translations mentioned. From such false notes Mr. Norton's work is free. It should be added, that this new edition not only is set in larger type, but also has many more notes than the earlier, so that it offers the reader unacquainted with the original a brief but sufficient exposition as well as the English text. We can repeat with assurance now the prediction made ten years ago, that Mr. Norton's is destined to be the standard translation in English of the 'Divine Comedy.'

—'Palaces, Prisons, and Resting-Places of Mary, Queen of Scots,' by Mr. Michael Myers Shoemaker (London: H. Virtue & Co.), is a book which makes its chief appeal through the profuseness of its illustrations. In the course of her sad but romantic career, Queen Mary had much to do with three countries, and it was an age which, despite numerous shortcomings in other directions, was marked by the beauty of its domestic architecture. Thus, in following her steps from the moment when she was born at Linlithgow to the moment when she was executed at Fotheringay, we pass through many castles of the later Middle Ages and many châteaux of the Renaissance. Without the aid of illustrations, such an investigation would be edifying only to blind adorers, but when ample material is provided for the comparative study of sixteenth-century castles in France, Scotland, and England, the work in question becomes one of more general interest. Considered merely as a picture-book, this volume deserves some commendation, though it hardly rises to the height of its opportunity. There are eight photogravures of not quite the best quality, twenty-four plate illustrations, and numerous illustrations in the text. The choice of subjects is on the whole good, but in the case of France a better selection might have been made. The châteaux neither of Touraine nor of the Île de France are shown to full advantage, notwithstanding the fact that one or two things, like the façade of Francis I. at Blois and the room in

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the Hôtel de Ville at Orléans, where Francis II. died, are satisfactorily reproduced. Our one comment upon the text must be that the topographical part of it is decidedly better than the historical. The author disclaims in his preface any intention of writing "another history of Scotland's unfortunate Queen," but this long pilgrimage from place to place involves the constant discussion of historical questions which grow out of her life. Victor Cousin called himself the posthumous lover of Mme. de Longueville. Mr. Shoemaker might be called a posthumous worshipper of Queen Mary. In his last sentences he describes the famous tomb in Westminster Abbey and then says: "We may not follow her into the courts of heaven, so here we must leave her." The same note of rhetorical exaggeration may be detected in almost every page, with the result that however much enthusiasm may be kindled thereby, the interests of history suffer. In appearance this is rather a pretentious work, but, while possessing some good illustrations, it cannot be said to belong to the first class.

—The latest publication (vol. xv.) of the Selden Society ('Select Pleas, Starrs and Other Records from the Rolls of the Exchequer of the Jews, A. D. 1220-1284,' edited by J. M. Rigg) will go far to throw light on the vicissitudes of Jewish life in mediæval England. The explanation of these, when found, is simple enough. The feudal system paid almost no attention to domicile; it founded upon birthright and personal allegiance. Hence the capitulations by which foreigners ruled, and still rule, themselves in the East, and the law courts which the Hanseatic League held in London. Hence, too, the resident alien had no rights but those which self-interest granted and continued to him, and his lack of rights was just as hereditary as the possession of them. The Jews, further, stood outside of international comity, and had no part in the fellowship of the Church; were thus out of law, and mere chattels to be acquired and used by any one. In England, they became a chattel of the King, a perquisite of the Crown like treasure trove. And the Crown found them very useful. Handicrafts and trades were gradually closed against them by the gilds. But Christians could not lend money at interest, while Jews could; usury, therefore, became their profession, and the Crown encouraged them in it. The surplus wealth of the country flowed into their coffers, and was from time to time squeezed thence into the royal treasury. All which the Jews had belonged to the Crown; but their sins, including that of usury, were upon their own heads. Such is the situation developed for us by the documents in the present volume, and by Mr. Rigg's most able introduction. The details, too, are full of interest and surprises. Constitutional agitation went hand in hand with anti-Semitism. The bonds of the Jews were kept for safety in the chapterhouses of cathedrals, and were not very safe even there. Later, the Crown itself took charge of them, as virtually royal property. The word of a Jew stood in law for more than the word of a Christian, but, if he embraced Christianity, all his estate went to the Crown—both for excellent reasons. Mr. Rigg is evidently in doubt on the story of Hugh of Lincoln and on the other charges of ritual murder. He cannot find in them any trace or possibility of a mythical origin, and (if we may read between his cautious remarks) feels that they may have had some basis. One thing in the whole is clear, however, inevitable it may have been through the working of fixed causes: England was no better than the other Christian lands in its treatment of the mediæval Jew. For him there was more rest under Islam than in Christendom. So, while there was no Jewish literature in any of the languages of mediæval Europe, there was one, extensive if not artistically great, in Arabic.

—We had occasion some time ago to speak of Miss Neena Hamilton's struggle to get her doctor's degree in Germany. We now have before us her thesis. Few, surely, of such admirable scholarship, ripe tone, and delicate appreciation are presented by women candidates for degrees, or even German professors would prefer them as pupils to all but very few men. Miss Hamilton has treated of the "Adoration of the Magi" in Tuscan painting. She confines herself chiefly to the period between Giotto and Leonardo, but lets us know how this popular theme was treated from the earliest Christian centuries, and does not fail to inform us of the effect Leonardo's composition had upon his contemporaries and followers. In this part of her work Miss Hamilton betrays no less acquaintance with the new æsthetics than with the new connoisseurship. Upon the data furnished by the latter, and with the new standards and new methods of appreciation afforded by the former, she discourses of a single subject of painting, the "Adoration," in a way that gives a penetrating insight into the whole aim and entire significance of Tuscan art. Then she discusses the gradual evolution of the theme from an iconographic point of view. Finally, she speaks of the effect upon this subject of popular fancy and the miracle plays. In all this, Miss Hamilton gives evidence of a breadth of sympathies and of an accuracy of information that many an older student, who has long since won his spurs, might envy. Our one and only fault with her volume is that it is in German. Its full title is 'Die Darstellung der Anbetung der heiligen drei Könige in der toskanischen Malerei von Giotto bis Lionardo' (Strassburg: J. H. Ed. Heitz).

COL. WILLIAM BYRD OF VIRGINIA.

The Writings of "Colonel William Byrd of Westover, in Virginia, Esqr." Edited by John Spencer Bassett. Illustrated. Doubleday, Page & Co. 1901.

While the North American colonies had little that can be properly called literature before the middle of the eighteenth century, those of the South had nothing at all. The reasons lay in the conditions of Southern society. The cultivated class—that is to say, the planters—lived in their own circles, and knew no public beyond that of their neighbors and kinsfolk. Their plantations were, to a large extent, self-supporting; and, their outside dealings being managed by their agents in England, who sold their tobacco, and shipped them such articles as could not be produced on their estates, it was quite possible for a Virginia planter to live in luxury without having had a single business transaction with a fellow-Virginian. Fox-hunting, horse-racing, balls, and occasional visits to the county court or the sessions of Assembly varied the monotony of tobacco-growing.

But we must not think of the planter's life as wholly material. He felt himself, above all, a gentleman. He had had a gentleman's education, which was of itself a kind of patent of nobility. This, if possible, he felt bound to transmit to his sons; and as there were no schools in the colony where it could be had, he sent them to England. This education usually included the study of law, which was held to be eminently the profession of a gentleman, and was sure to be useful, as the Virginians were rather a litigious people. Outside of planting, the law, and public office there was no possible career; army or navy there was none, and the Church had nothing but poverty to offer.

There was also another reason which recommended the study of the law to the Virginia gentleman. These upper families formed a governing caste, so connected by intermarriages as to be almost a clan, and from them came the councillors, the judges, the holders of all Crown offices, the members of the Assembly. The Governor, appointed by the Crown, was an alien. Nearly all political questions hinged on the respective rights of the Crown and of the people; and while the burgesses were supposed to represent the latter, the councillors and office-holders were, theoretically, the advocates of the royal side. In point of fact, however, these felt themselves first of all Virginians, and jealous of any extension of royal prerogative that encroached upon the rights or advantages of their class, which they were prompt to defend, whether at home or before the Privy Council, by arguments founded on English law and precedent.

The educated planter had, of course, his library, as he had his coat of arms. Small though it might be, it was pretty sure to contain 'Hudibras,' Dryden, Pope, Prior, Swift, and Addison, with at least the familiar Latin authors. A gentleman was expected to know some Latin; it belonged to his caste, and drew more sharply the line between him and the small farmer. But there were some who had really fine libraries. That of Col. Byrd at Westover (dispersed in 1778) was probably the largest in the colonies, containing about 4,000 volumes in Greek, Latin, French, and English, and including that priceless MS., the Southampton Papers. Anything like literature, therefore, could arise only in this special caste. But what did arise did not recognize itself as literature. It was not intended for publication (for there were no publishers and no public), but for the family or the social set. It was an eminently gentlemanly accomplishment to be able to write a set of verses in the style (*longo intervallo*) of Pope or Prior, or to turn out an occasional epigram; and copies of such verses were handed about. But of far more value were manuscript memoirs and journals of travels, of which probably a number still exist, and it is greatly to be wished that they might be disinterred and made public.

Of the class of which we have been speaking, one of the most distinguished members was Col. William Byrd of Westover. He sprang of an ancient English family, whose

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genealogy is traced, in the work whose title is cited above, from the twelfth century, apparently without that weak link in the seventeenth which is the tender spot in so many stately American pedigrees. His father came to Virginia about 1670, where the social position and influence of his uncle, Thomas Stegg, whose estates he inherited, secured him a footing in the best society. He had mercantile tastes, and, while holding several public offices, carried on a lucrative trade with the Indians. As he grew rich, he caught the land-hunger which was endemic among the planters, and extended his holdings to more than 26,000 acres, fixing his residence at Westover on the north side of James River, where he died in 1704. His wife, Mary Horsemanden, had died in 1699.

William Byrd, his son, and the author of these papers, was born in 1674. His father took great pains with his education, sending him first to a school in England, then for a while to Holland, and finally entering him as a student of law in the Middle Temple in London, where he studied for about five years, when he was called to the bar. In 1696 he returned to Virginia, and at once entered public life as a member of the Assembly. The next year he was again in England, the bearer of an address to the Board of Trade, and while on this mission was chosen the agent of the colony. In London he mingled in the best society, one of his warmest friends being the distinguished Charles Boyle, Bentley's antagonist in a once famous literary war; and through his influence, probably, Byrd was made a Fellow of the Royal Society, to whose transactions he contributed at least one paper. On his father's death, in 1704, Byrd returned to Virginia, and in 1706 married Lucy, the daughter of Gen. Daniel Parke. In 1708 the Queen appointed him a member of the Council of the colony, a position which he held until his death, and he was also made Receiver-General for the Crown.

From the time of Berkeley's fall, the Council had been virtually the Government, and, by a kind of "senatorial courtesy," they winked at each other's irregularities (to use no harsher word) of various kinds, but especially in taking up and laying out lands. Ludwell, for instance, it was alleged, having obtained a grant of 2,000 acres, raised it to 20,000 by adding a cipher, and the Council held their peace. But when the Scotchman Spotswood came out as Governor, he began to look into things, and then a storm broke out. He wrote to England, charging a number of public officers with derelictions, and, among the rest, Byrd, the Receiver-General, for allowing practices by which the Crown suffered heavy losses in revenue. Byrd went to England in 1715 to defend himself and his inculpated friends, and in this he was partly successful. In 1716 his wife died. He returned to Virginia in 1720, and used all his influence to bring about a reconciliation between the Governor and the Council. Shortly after this the Assembly again appointed him as the colony's agent in England, and he returned to London, where he resided till 1726. While in England he married Maria, daughter of Thomas Taylor.

In 1726 Byrd returned to Virginia, and settled down at Westover to the life of a Virginia gentleman. Outside of his duties in the Council, he found many occupations for his active mind. He collected his noble library and a fine gallery of portraits; he kept up an extensive correspondence with London friends; he experimented in agriculture and fruit-growing; he dabbled a little in medicine. Although always embarrassed by debt, still, with the ruling passion of his class, he kept adding to his landed estates, until at his death he owned nearly 180,000 acres in Virginia and North Carolina.

In 1727 he was appointed one of the commissioners on the part of Virginia to settle the long-disputed southern boundary of that colony. This was a pretty arduous piece of work, leading for a great part of the way through a wild, rugged, and in places almost impassable country, much of it morass and dense cane-brakes. The course of the line took them directly through the Dismal Swamp, which it was believed no white man had ever traversed before. The commissioners themselves quailed at its horrors, and left the indomitable surveyors and linemen to struggle amphibiously through. Byrd says of it:

"Since the Surveyors had entered the Dismal, they had laid Eyes on no living Creature: neither Bird nor Beast, Insect nor Reptile came in View. Doubtless, the Eternal Shade that broods over this mighty Bog, and hinders the sun-beams from blessing the Ground, makes it an uncomfortable Habitation for any thing that has life. Not so much as a Zealand Frog cou'd endure so Aguish a Situation.

"It had one Beauty, however, that delighted the Eye, tho' at the Expense of all the other Senses: the Moisture of the Soil preserves a continual Verdure, and makes every Plant an Evergreen, but at the same time the foul Damps ascend without ceasing, corrupt the Air, and render it unfit for Respiration. Not even a Turkey-Buzzard will venture to fly over it, no more than the Italian Vultures will fly over the filthy Lake Avernus, or the Birds in the Holy-Land over the Salt Sea where Sodom and Gomorrah formerly stood.

"In these sad Circumstances, the kindest thing we cou'd do for our Suffering Friends [the surveying party] was to give them a place in the Litany. Our Chaplain, for his Part, did his Office, and rubb'd us up with a Seasonable Sermon. That was quite a new thing to our Brethren of North Carolina, who live in a climate where no clergyman can Breathe, any more than Spiders in Ireland."

Boyd is caustic on the North Carolinians, many of whom, he says, were fugitives from the laws and taxes of Virginia, and lived in this Debatable Land in a state little better than heathenish, though they had grace enough to take advantage of the presence of a chaplain with the commissioners to have their children baptized, so that the progress of the line was marked by a trail of little Christians. Sallow from the pestilent climate, squalid and unkempt, their natural uncomeliness was often aggravated by the loss of the nose, a privation due, in Byrd's opinion, to over-indulgence in fresh pork, and so common in those parts that the absence of the feature was scarcely noticed.

In spite of difficulties the survey was carried on from March 6 to April 8, when further operations were postponed till the fall. On September 21, the work was taken up again, but in two weeks the Carolina commissioners gave up the job, and, protesting against anything that should be done in their absence, returned home. Mr. Fitzwilliam, of the Virginia commission, returned with them; but Byrd and Dandridge made a counter-protest, and carried on the line until they reached the lower ranges of the Blue Ridge, when the approach of winter stopped the work.

In 1732 Byrd made what he calls a "Progress" to the mining country between the Matapony and Rappahannock Rivers, where he, Spotswood, Augustine Washington, and others had important iron-works; and in his diary he notes very interesting particulars about this industry. In the next year he took a journey for the purpose of laying out a tract of 20,000 acres in North Carolina, at the junction of the Dan and Irvine Rivers, which he had bought from the commissioners of that colony, to whom it had been given in pay for their services. The journal of this trip forms part of the present volume.

In 1743 Byrd became President of the Virginia Council, and the next year he died and was buried in his garden at Westover. He left a son and four daughters, who have had numerous descendants. Byrd's culture, polished manners, elegant hospitality, and gayety of conversation made him one of the most respected as well as most popular of Virginia gentlemen. As a writer he is always bright and entertaining. He possessed eminently the art of seeing. He notes everything, and is curious about everything: soils, rocks, animals, plants, customs of the people, nothing seems to escape him. His style is easy and vivacious, spiced here and there with a little waggishness, with perhaps a flavor of his Templar days. The editor's biographical introduction is in all respects admirable, and adds greatly to the value of the work, which, moreover, so far as paper, type, and other external furtherances are concerned, is a noble specimen of book-making.

THE ANTHRACITE COAL INDUSTRY.

The Anthracite Coal Industry: A Study of Economic Conditions, etc. By Peter Roberts, Ph.D. With an introduction by W. G. Sumner, LL.D. The Macmillan Co. 1902.

Coal has become the very life-blood of our modern industrialism. Except in the forest itself, wood is used for fuel almost solely as a luxury; for, to generate the same amount of heat as is given off by coal there must be burned, even in the most economical furnace, twice the weight and four times the bulk of wood. Consequently, if wood existed in quantities comparable to coal, its transportation alone would prevent its filling the place in our industrial system of the more condensed fuel. But while all coals, including even peat, possess, compared with wood, this quality of condensation, the variety which exhibits it in the most eminent degree is anthracite; and to this it owes its high pecuniary value and its adaptability to domestic use. In fact, the favor it has found in the household has secured for it its high price, for in the latter half of the past century it has entirely supplanted soft coal, with its dirt and smoke, in the homes of the Northern Atlantic States, and has therefore come literally into personal touch with us. Apart from its scarcity, its geographical and stratigraphical relations have given it peculiar importance in financial and railroad circles; and the same causes have made the anthracite regions the battlefield of the most acute struggles between capital and labor. It is this phase of the anthracite

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question which gives it universal popular interest, and it is to this that Dr. Roberts's book is devoted. His facts and conclusions are entitled to consideration, for he states the facts and treats the complicated problems which grow out of them as one who has personal knowledge of the conditions of which he writes. The opening chapters, in which he gives technical details of mines and mining intended to elucidate economical conditions peculiar to them, are probably too abstruse for the lay reader and not sufficiently precise for the professional. Nevertheless, we heartily endorse the recommendation of the work with which Professor Sumner introduces it to the public.

While the soft, bituminous varieties of coal are widely and abundantly distributed over our continent, the hard, anthracite varieties have been found in workable quantities and of sufficient purity to be of value in few, very restricted localities. The same is true of the relative abundance of the two varieties in Europe. Great Britain possesses but one, very limited, area of anthracite. It is in Wales, and is too small to supply domestic fuel, even if the predilection of the people for an open flaming fire did not induce them to prefer soft coal, in spite of the smoke nuisance. To the British navy, however, the smokeless flame of anthracite makes it peculiarly valuable. East of the Mississippi it occurs only in northeastern Pennsylvania, where the coal from the northern or Wyoming, the middle or Lehigh, and southern or Schuylkill basins underlies some 500 square miles of the country between Susquehanna and Dauphin Counties. Unlike the beds of bituminous coal, which in the Appalachian field usually lie flat, and can therefore be cheaply mined and drained by tunnels, and which, being soft, can be broken down by hand or cut by machinery without the use of powder, the anthracite beds are steeply tilted, and can be worked in depth only by shafts, vertical or inclined, some already from 1,500 to 2,000 feet in depth. And the coal itself is so hard, and often so tightly glued to the shales between which it is bedded, that blasting must be resorted to in disengaging it. There are collieries from which two tons of rock and ten tons of water are raised 1,500 feet for every ton of clean coal sent to market. The cost of mining anthracite is therefore much greater than that of mining bituminous coal, and its scarcity gives it in the ground a much greater value.

As a result, the royalties paid to the owners of anthracite lands per ton of coal extracted are on an average from thirty to forty cents per ton, as against ten to twelve cents paid for bituminous coal. Considering the growing demand for anthracite and the comparatively limited supply in the ground, the royalties are perhaps legitimate, on the general principle that every man is entitled to take all he can get for his commodities; but they are certainly high if compared with the proportion distributed to wages paid out of the total paid for the product. And the same is true of the transportation charges. Our author attempts to distribute the cost at tide-water as follows:

Cost of production per ton, including mining, breaking, and loading on cars	$1.56
Transportation to tide-water	1.50
Total	$3.06
Price at tide water	3.75
Profit of operator by difference	$0.69

As the transportation companies own most of the coal lands and leases, they absorb, not only the transportation charges, but most of the operator's profits; and, therefore, of the assumed total of $3.75 their share is approximately $2.19. Hence the discontent and strikes and hardly suppressed lawlessness among the mining population of the region, which, rightly or wrongly, conceives that an unfair distribution is made of the proceeds of the coal between capital and labor.

Railroad companies are everywhere regarded by the wage-workers as one of the most objectionable developments of capital, while a group (and still more a close combination) of railroads owning coal, and engaged in mining as well as transporting it, is suspected of embodying the concentrated essence of capitalistic knavery and tyranny. This combination of functions has gradually, sometimes unwillingly, been assumed by the railroad companies. They entered the anthracite coal fields originally as carriers, but were almost compelled, in order to keep competitors out of their sphere of operations, to buy most of the lands or mines which alone supplied the freight; for the area is so small, and several of the competing companies so powerful and aggressive, that nothing but possession would have given protection. The security of ownership was, however, secured in some cases at too great a cost. The Philadelphia & Reading Railroad and Coal & Iron Company paid such excessive prices that the weight of debt incurred by the purchase by the Coal and Iron Company wrecked the railroad company, its guarantors. Possession once secured by powerful and wealthy corporations, competition in production became acute. To restrain this within bounds, agreement after agreement was made and broken by the companies. These agreements assigned to each company a proportion of the total output of coal, assumed to be sufficient to meet the requirements of the market. But the temptation to transgress the agreed-upon limits of freight having again and again proved too strong for resistance, Mr. J. P. Morgan has effected a combination of the coal-owning and carrying roads, under a syndicate agreement which it is believed will insure absolute unity of action by these great corporations, and prevent the individual operators from breaking the harmony. Thus the only supply of domestic anthracite upon which the country east of the Rocky Mountains depends is substantially now controlled by a united ownership.

Never has a syndicate possessed a better opportunity of proving that the benefits accruing from consolidation can be demonstrated in practice as well as in theory and on paper; that, by lopping off unnecessary administration expenses and by balancing supply and demand, a stable and at the same time lower price can be secured to the public; and that, by the employment of unlimited capital and the introduction of better machinery and better methods of mining, both cost and coal may be saved. Above all, as the stress of competition is now removed, and the only restraint on price is the limit the public will pay for coal, the syndicate, after allowing the railroad fair freight rates, can afford to pay its miners liberal wages, and relieve the country from the risks of ever-recurring strikes in the anthracite regions.

These risks are great, for the miners and workmen are chiefly aliens. Ever since the seventies, immigrants from Central Europe have been replacing American labor, till now men of fifteen or sixteen nationalities are represented in the coal regions, and the hard work of the mines is almost exclusively performed by men and boys, many of whom cannot speak or understand English. Strange to say, they are eager to join the Union, and ready to strike and submit to the consequences; but, as might be expected, they exercise less self-restraint, and show less respect for the non-union workmen than does the American unionist—and therein lies the danger. It must be admitted that an equitable adjustment of wages is very difficult. As long as mine work is done by contract, at so much per car or ton of clean coal, the respective skill of the miner, the vein in which he works, the varying quality of the coal in the same vein, all determine the net amount the miner may receive for his work. But the chief complaint is due to a cause difficult of removal, namely, intermittent employment, arising from the intermittent demand for the coal. Were anthracite used as widely as soft coal for manufacturing and metallurgical purposes, the monthly demand would be practically uniform; but, being a domestic coal, less is used in summer than in winter, more is called for in the autumn months, when families are laying in their year's supply, than even in the depth of winter; and much more is consumed in a severe than in a mild season. Dr. Roberts considers that if this element of periodicity could be eliminated, 30,000 of the men and boys in the anthracite regions could be dispensed with, and the remaining 110,000 be regularly employed at remunerative wages. As it is, the men and boys employed underground and at the breakers, where the coal is crushed and sorted into marketable sizes, average only 180 days of work a year; and perilous and hard as is their labor, it is rewarded by a wage of only $33 to $37 per month for underground, and $25 per month for outside hands. The only remedy for this intermittent employment would be the carrying by the syndicate of stocks sufficient to meet the excessive monthly demands at the season when they run above the normal average. This done, and steady employment secured to a smaller number of operatives, the surplus population would drift elsewhere, and a great source of danger to the country would be averted.

Anthracite is a costly fuel, and will continue to be so. The visible supply of coal which can probably ever be mined at a profit is under five billion tons; and as this is being burned in our stoves and furnaces at the rate of fifty million tons a year, the supply will be exhausted in less than 100 years. The cost of mining will increase with depth; but, on the other hand, improved methods of mining and better machinery for breaking and sorting coal at the surface are steadily decreasing the waste of this precious fuel. Till recently not more than 40 per cent. of the coal in the vein actually reached the market. The life of the mines being comparatively short, the capital involved must be returned, with the heavy interest which the risk of mining

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reasonably entitles it to, within a limited time; therefore, there is less probability of reduction in the cost of production than investors in other industrial enterprises can flatter themselves with. The cost of anthracite must, therefore, remain high. But it is not so secure from replacement by a substitute as to permit of the price being forced above a reasonable figure. Though every housewife who has used clean, smokeless, free-burning hard coal would revolt against soft coal, with its dust and smoke and tendency to agglomerate in the fireplace, she would not refuse to use gas or good hard coke. Hence in one or other of these forms of fuel the present syndicate, or any other combination of capital which might be formed to control the output and regulate the price of anthracite, will meet with an article which as a substitute will keep the price of anthracite within bounds, and which, when the latter becomes scarce, will supply its place.

More Letters of Edward FitzGerald. [Edited by William Aldis Wright.] Macmillan. 1901.

The same "Old Fitz" here, and yet in wonderful freshness and variety. Take this nosegay from the very first letter (to W. F. Pollock, 1839): "I have also heard Thackeray speak well of him [Grammont]; but he is naturally prejudiced in favor of the dirty and immoral." "Walpole, I suppose, wrote easily; but then it is not easy to have such a head as would write so easily. Q. E. D." "He [Alfieri] was such a fellow for Liberty, too; he calls Catherine II. *codesta Clitennestra filosofessa,* which words have the whistling of the lash about them, I think." On another side, view his droll solicitude for the "distressed Widows" in his poultry-yard. He is writing to Herman Biddell (1867), in a series of letters that do much to lend novelty to the present collection:

"You gave me hopes of finding a Chanticleer to replace that aged fellow you saw in my Domains. . . . I will not hold out for the identical plumage,—worthy of an Archangel—I only stipulate for one of the sort: such as are seen in old Story books; and on Church-vanes; with a plume of Tail, a lofty Crest and Walk, and a shrill trumpet-note of Challenge: any splendid colors; black and red; black and gold; white, and red, and Gold! Only so as he be 'gay,' according to old Suffolk speech."

And next year he is still waiting "for an old-fashioned, Aesop-fable fellow."

There are two letters to George Borrow that should be remarked; and among the few glimpses we get of Mrs. FitzGerald we find her in correspondence with Mrs. Borrow. There are five letters to Professor Goodwin of Harvard, in one of which (1882), "I was told of Mr. Longfellow's Death, and understand the sorrow you must feel for the loss of so amiable a Man"; a significant omission of any praise of the poet. Lowell comes in again for much comment as a poet whose verse somehow fails to interest, and as a prose-writer chargeable with the sin of fine writing, yet, in FitzGerald's opinion, "altogether the best Critic we have; something of what Ste.-Beuve is in French," but with "not nearly so much Delicacy of Perception, or Refinement of Style." In 1880, "I have only heard of Lowell that he had nursed his Wife night and day: which Mrs. Kemble also says is usual with American husbands." Lowell's humor seems to have made no impression on this kindred jester.

The closest affection is unquestionably shown in the numerous letters to Frederick Tennyson, along with the greatest frankness of family literary judgment—concerning Charles Tennyson's sonnets, and concerning Alfred's decadence since 1842, *e. g.* (1850): "Alfred has also published his Elegiacs on A. Hallam; these sell greatly; and will, I fear, raise a host of Elegiac scribblers"; and again (1874): "But I think he had better have done singing; he has sung well—*tempus silere,* etc." In fact, this note of regret over Alfred seldom ceases in these pages (ill-health, matrimony, and Mrs. Tennyson's nature are partly held responsible for the falling-off, but also over-production). Witness these extracts, first from a letter to Pollock (1842):

"Is Alfred in town still? I have got his books. It is a pity he did not publish the new volume separately. The other will drag it down. And why reprint the Merman, the Mermaid, and those everlasting Eleanores, Isabels,—which always were, and are, and must be, a nuisance, though Mrs. Butler (who recognized herself in the portrait of course) said that Eleanore (what a bore) was the finest thing he ever wrote. She has sat for it ever since, I believe. Every woman thinks herself the original of one of that stupid Gallery of Beauties. The sonnet to J. M. K. also remains; there's a beauty, too."

Again to Pollock (1869):

"I found the new Idylls on the Lowestoft Bookstall; but I can get no more interested in them than in any of their Predecessors; except the old Morte D'Arthur. . . . The whole Legend, and its parts, appear to me scarce fitted to interest any but the childlike readers of old knightly days whom they were intended to amuse, I suppose; not, in the main, *very* much beyond Jack the Giant-killer, etc., and I think such Stories are best told in the old, simple English of the Romance itself. When elaborated into refined modern verse, the 'opus' and the 'materia' seem to me disproportioned."

And to E. B. Cowell (1882): "I wish nevertheless that A. T. would not have tried the Stage, even if he persists in trying other modes of Publication." There is, in a letter to the present editor, reference to an "annotated Tennyson" which Old Fitz has placed in Mr. Wright's keeping, and fears lest it may get out in his own lifetime; the liberties apparently having been "only to *cut out*—never to add or alter." It would be a pity if this should never see the light. A great pity it certainly is that his undertaking to cut Richardson was frustrated by inadequate abridgments by other hands. To W. E. Crowfoot (1865):

"I suppose you never read that *aggravating* Book, Clarissa Harlowe? Now, with a pair of Scissors, I *could* make that a readable Book: and being a perfectly *original Work of Genius,* I should like to do that Service to my Country before I die. But I should only be abused, and unsold for my pains."

We resist the temptation to cite further examples of FitzGerald's literary criticism, with which this volume is studded, but must be permitted three illustrations of his independence. He would not, in 1850, subscribe for a monument to "Daddy Wordsworth," as "I am against stuffing Westminster Abbey with any one's statue till a hundred years or so have proved whether Posterity is as warm about a Man's Merits as we are." For the same reason, in 1864, he would not give to a memorial of Thackeray in the same place. In 1869 he declined to be a party to a portrait of Lord Hatherley "on coming to be Chancellor." "First, he may make a bad Chancellor, however good a Man and able a Lawyer. Secondly, he mayn't keep in office a year, however good a Chancellor he may be." This caution was so well justified as to be prophetic; in 1872 he writes: "The *Times* and *Daily News* have each Articles to repudiate the Chancellor's Reported Retirement; both in terms which make me suppose it is true." In fact, Lord Hatherley proved anything but a successful Chancellor, and made way at that date for Roundell Palmer.

We conclude with some irresistible references (in these Galluping cipher times) to Spedding and his finished (1874) "forty years' task—'In Whitewashendo Bacone.'" "I used to tell Spedding that Polonius was meant for Lord Bacon; but I doubt the Dates won't bear me out." And: "Pray look at a beautiful little Comment by Spedding on a passage in Shakspere in the last number of *Notes and Queries,* April 18, [1874]. Oh! that he had given to Shakspere a tithe of the time he has given to Bacon!"

Life of Sir William Wilson Hunter, K.C.S.I., M.A., LL.D. By F. H. Skrine, F.S.S. Longmans, Green & Co.

It is given to few men to begin a history when nearly sixty, and have the world feel that the premature ending of such a belated work is really a great calamity. Sir William Hunter's name is less well known here than in England, partly because much of his influence was personal, and partly because the special topics treated by him in popular lectures have little interest for Americans. But his 'Gazetteer' at least has made his name familiar, and even the general historical student may perhaps know that Hunter's unexpected death, two years ago, cut short the most important history of India yet planned or published. The ripened fruit of many years' toil was to have been harvested in these volumes, of which only one was completed.

The present Life is too bulky for the general reader, and contains much, notably in family correspondence, that will appeal but slightly to those who know Hunter only as a writer; but it gives some insight into modern political life in India, and shows admirably not only what Hunter was, but what he had to contend with in rounding up the wide-strewn mass of information contained in the many volumes that bear his name. His biographer is sympathetic and judicious in the use of the material put at his disposal.

Personally, Sir William was a delightful character. Shrewd and agreeable, he won a host of friends, and was always a favorite at any gathering. To this side of his character Mr. Skrine has paid tribute in many appreciative paragraphs, and evidently did not intend to say (on p. 171) that Hunter "made it a rule to requite good with evil" (*sic*); though when Sir William got the upper hand (he seems to have been the victim of a good deal of political jealousy), he was not quite saintly in his feelings, being not at all averse to "paying back." The Life has a number of good anecdotes. One of these is of a college Don, who had several unmarried daughters. "At

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least," said a friend, to whom he had complained of the burden, "they are great resources for your old age." "True," replied the Don, "but I should like to husband my resources." In 1888 Hunter wrote to Kipling: "Your mother sent me a poem from your hand with a request to obtain a place for it in a magazine. But the poem has been returned to me. . . . It is, I think, to be regretted that you devote to clever trifles of this sort talents which are capable of better things. They practically fix your standard as that of the gymkhana and mess-room."

Curiously enough, Hunter himself fixed his own standard lower than his real worth, wasting much time on popular work. But strictly speaking he was not a scholar at all. He was a man of affairs, more or less of a politician, and his ambition from the first was to become a statesman rather than an historian. Even his literary ambition was rather to be a pleasing writer than a profound scholar. His first essays were poetical; his first prose efforts were in descriptive writing. The 'Annals of Rural Bengal' and the 'Old Missionary' show his bent, and even the dry pages of the 'Gazetteer' were not allowed to be merely statistical. He endeavored to make literature out of chronicles without sacrificing the exactness of the chronicles. It was almost an accident that led him into the compilation of that great storehouse of knowledge known as the 'Imperial Gazetteer'; and his 'Brief History of the Indian People' was undertaken solely at the request of the Madras Government. The work he delighted in was almost journalistic; much of it was journalism pure and simple. The fact is, he frittered away a great deal of his life in ephemeral work over which he groaned perfunctorily, but to which he gave so much attention as to prevent more important undertakings. A man of inexhaustible energy, he seemed never to know when he had enough to do. He could always contract to write a few editorials or dash off a public lecture, as if time and strength had no limit. One feels in reading his life that his wonderful executive power and limitless capacity for work, instead of aiding him, hindered the development of his best faculties. He was too much a man of the world to be a scholar, too energetic to be confined to one object. He had to have a dozen things on hand at once, and the result was that the most important thing was left to the last and was never done at all.

Hunter's specialty was political history based on a first-hand knowledge of India, and the province in which he was preeminently master was the period of British rule. All that goes before this in his 'Brief History' is simply "read up," not from original texts, but from the works of European scholars, so carelessly that a citation on one page will contradict that on another, without his seeming to be aware of it. But, once within his own field, he handles the subject with such ease and beauty (one is tempted to say) that his greater 'History' promised to be an enduring literary monument, as well as a valuable historical work. By that one volume he will live. The rest will remain only for a time. There may be something lasting in the charm of the 'Annals' and the quaint picture of the 'Missionary,' but that on which he spent his best years will pass away, as must all statistical surveys. Had he lived ten years longer he would have become the Gibbon of India. As it is, he has left a magnificent torso, and lived the hurried life of the ready writer and successful man of action, fond of fast horses, popular applause, and a good berth; winning all these and almost winning more, the satisfaction of having accomplished to the full the abiding results for which his ability and opportunities so nobly fitted him.

Eugene Field: A Study in Heredity and Contradictions. By Slason Thompson. With portraits, views, and facsimile illustrations. In two volumes. Pp. xiii, 346, 349. Charles Scribner's Sons. 1901.

Mr. Thompson's book is more contradictory than Field's life and character, as he has presented them to us. He writes as from a great affection for his friend, and in his more general expressions he habitually writes him up, while in his particular statements he quite as habitually writes him down. There must be wasp-bread somewhere as well as bee-bread, and Mr. Thompson has got upon the track of it (as Froude in his 'Carlyle,' Purcell in his 'Manning,' Lamon in his 'Lincoln,' and, very recently, Henley, writing of Stevenson), and made a meal of it. His view of Field may be just, but his book is distinctly a depreciation. Many hundreds of those who have known Field only in his more deliberate work, when they put down this book will wish they had never taken it up. They had fondly imagined that Field was at least predominantly a sentimental humorist, most kindly and sincere, and they find, Thompson *judice*, that he was predominantly a mountebank; a practical joker, as he was nothing else. Not but that there are general expressions highly favorable to Field's ultimate significance, but they are so outweighed by the mass of derogatory and injurious particulars that they make no adequate impression. Nearly all of Mr. Thompson's facts may have gone through the form of taking place, but the proportion is not duly observed between these and Field's best work. The mass of the former was, doubtless, much greater than that of the latter, but its final significance was much less. Worst of all is Mr. Thompson's confession that his book would never have been written if Field had been merely the literary workman, and his proposition that the essential man was not the higher workman, but the lower clown. That a humorist of Field's qualities should be taken seriously is, of course, a paradox; but that Mr. Thompson ought to have conceived his book, as a whole, in a more serious spirit does not, we think, admit of any doubt.

Field's mother died when he was six years old, and he was sent with his brother to relatives in Amherst, Mass., for a course of New England training. In 1868, after three years at Monson with a good Mr. Tufts, who experienced the proverbial difficulty in making his pupil drink the water to which he had been led, the boy went to Williams College, where he seems to have left fainter traces than the afterward famous generally do in their first haunts. But he had only six months in which to make an indelible impression. Permitted to retreat in good order, he resumed his studies and his pranks at Monson, till in July, 1869, his father's fatal illness called him to St. Louis. Later, he made trial of two Western colleges with no creditable result. Mr. Thompson's pages reveal nothing pleasanter in Field's life than his affectionate loyalty to Mr. Melvin L. Gray, the executor of his father's estate.

Upon coming of age, his next move, after seeking in marriage a bright girl of fourteen, was to take her brother to Europe "to spend six months and his patrimony"—actually $8,000; about one-third of the whole, the other two-thirds melting rapidly. Returning penniless to St. Louis, he hastened to get married, and made no mistake in that particular. When he began to have earnings, the wife took charge of them, having direct relations with his employers. But these relations were not of so binding a nature but that the week's payment generally came to the wife five or ten dollars short. Ten was the limit at which Field's conscience or affection interposed. Mr. Thompson has a recurrent fondness for this aspect of Field's character. He revels in his impecuniosity, and in his humorous artifices for compelling one or another friend to pay for what he ate and drank. Mr. Thompson was oftener than any one else the victim of these inventions.

Mr. Thompson represents the hobble-dehoy period of Field's life as ending with his Denver editing, but in fact it ended only with his life. His work grew more serious in its thought and style, and he came to have a very real conscience for it, writing some of his things over many times—one of them seven; to its hurt, says his biographer. But if his work grew more serious, so did not his impish mischievousness. He was that insufferable creature, the practical joker, in its most aggravated form. Sometimes the joke was very simple—the invitation to sit in a bottomless chair; sometimes very daring—like the impersonation of Carl Schurz in broken English to an expectant audience; sometimes very elaborate. A favorite freak was to invent children for people who had none, and another to ascribe his own poems to wholly innocent persons. Again, he would insinuate doubts as to the authorship of this or that writer's favorite poem, and carry on a fictitious correspondence of opposition and defence for weeks and months together.

The chapter on "Personal Characteristics" gives an account of Field's office habits that could not be excelled for illustrations of irresponsible indifference to others' need of quietness and peace. His "Relations with Stage Folk" reveal him as an inveterate theatre-goer, on the best of terms with the stage people. Less to his credit is a political chapter. His paper was Mugwump, but so was not he. He was a Republican by inheritance, without personal conviction. Having saved the Government, he thought the Republicans had a right to use or abuse it without let or hindrance from anybody.

> "We'll run the country as we please—
> We saved it, and it's ours"

—which meant that it was theirs for all the purposes of party patronage. At the same time, he had the keenest eye for political humbug and pretence; and Republican leaders, McKinley with the rest, often felt the sting of his long-lashed whip, fresh-braided every day.

Mr. Thompson has no more interesting chapter than that upon Field's "Auto-

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Analysis," a mixture of truth and fiction so strange that it is hard to rightly separate the two. The biographer's cruellest insinuation is that Field's "I do not love all children" was at once the truest and the least credited item. He says that he loved his own children passionately, but cared for others more as subjects of deliberate study than as objects of personal sympathy. And he makes this damning accusation, which we trust some one will hasten to rebut: "This man . . . took almost as much delight in making a child cry, that he might study its face in dismay or fright, as in making it laugh." To believe this would be for thousands an immense deduction from their satisfaction in "Little Boy Blue" and the child-sweet companions of that pathetic poem. Mr. Thompson should have hesitated long before infecting with a taint of unreality that element in the work of Eugene Field which has most endeared him to his fellow-beings.

Kate Bonnet. By Frank R. Stockton. D. Appleton & Co.

Policeman Flynn. By Elliott Flower. The Century Company.

For all of us who know our Stockton by and with heart, the greatest surprises of his new book are afforded by its comparative absence of surprises. The familiarly incalculable is present in his themes, to be sure. A farmer turned pirate is a figure that could have occurred to no one else except perhaps Gilbert. A real pirate, Blackbird, ruler of the seas, commanding a Scotch Presbyterian to convert him, Blackbird—"has got the swing," as Corporal Brewster would say. This, too, almost sings itself to Sullivan music. There is instant appeal, besides, to the Stockton sixth sense in the sea-chase of many vessels after each other over the high seas, decorous gentlemen figuring as forced accomplices of those who are "'pied with crime." Real fighting and gore that is no sham are certainly genuine innovations. But that the expected should ever happen in the world of Stockton is the most unexpected thing in the world. To say more would be telling. This latest phase of his pleasantry may lead the literary controversialists of the future, when the Shakspere-Bacon question shall have been laid to rest, to squabble over the problem whether Weyman, Churchill, Jacob Abbott, and Stockton were one or more.

It is perhaps safe to say that if Dooley had never written, neither would 'Policeman Flynn.' The Irish-American dialect is reproduced by both in the same peculiar way. The rough good sense tinctured with wit is of the same kind, if not of equal rank. What is pure philosophy with Dooley takes a practical turn with the man who earns his steplivelihood as a policeman. Here are two specimen gems from Officer Flynn's treasure-box: "Why don't they wor-rk f'r a livin' instead iv wor-rkin' f'r a job?" "If ivir I had th' ma-akin' iv th' la-aw, I'd ha-ave first iv all in th' big book a sintince r-readin' like this: 'Th' la-aws herein mane what they mane, an' not what they sa-ay.'"

Printing and Writing Materials and their Evolution.—Proof-Reading and Punctuation. By Adèle Millicent Smith. Two volumes. Philadelphia: Drexel Institute. 1902.

Printing is no more the mysterious art it seemed to be in the middle of the fifteenth century. Its elementary principles are fairly understood by intelligent readers, to whom its ordinary practice seems the simplest of mechanical crafts—cannot any school-boy put types together in readable order, and stamp paper on inked letters by the help of a press? It is this belief that creates the growing class of amateur printers, which includes men of the highest culture as well as schoolboys; but not much experience is needed by the amateur to prove that printing is also one of the difficult arts. To make a worthy book, much must be added to the mechanical dexterity which is hoped to come after persistent practice. Especially should the amateur, and the apprentice, too, know how books have been made by the qualified craftsmen of all periods. He must know something about the manufacture of paper and ink, about the construction of presses, about electrotyping and photo-engraving, about different methods of binding books. "To read and to write may come by nature," but the production of a well-made book cannot be evolved from one's interior consciousness. The apprentice and the amateur need a teacher. He is badly taught who teaches himself.

The books whose titles are cited above contain information about details of bookmaking not to be found in the ordinary manuals of printing, and not easily gleaned from or digested after a reading of bulky encyclopædias. No subject is exhaustively treated, but the suggestions conveyed will be found more practically useful by reason of their succinctness. The chapters on punctuation and proof-reading will be of service to experienced compositors, who may, nevertheless, in a few instances dissent from the applicability of the teachings to all kinds of printed work. In the preparation of the matter contained in these books, the author specifies the names of experts of authority who have given her guidance and counsel on technical matters.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

A. P. H. X. Y. Z. of Wall Street. Stuyvesant Book Co.
Babcock, M. D. Letters from Egypt and Palestine. Scribners. $1.
Baily, R. C. Mabel Thornley. Abbey Press. $1.25.
Baldwin, J. M. Social and Ethical Interpretations in Mental Development. Macmillan. $2.60.
Benson, E. W. Addresses on the Acts of the Apostles. Macmillan.
Blaisdell, Mary F., and Etta A. The Child Life Fifth Reader. Macmillan.
Blauvelt, Mary T. The Development of Cabinet Government in England. Macmillan. $1.50.
Brandt, M. von. Dreiunddreissig Jahre in Ost-Asien. Band 3. Leipzig: Georg Wigand.
Bridges, Robert. Bramble Brae. Scribners. $1.25.
Brinkley, F. Japan: Its History, Arts, and Literature. 4 vols. (Oriental Series.) Boston: J. B. Millet Co.
Burdett, Henry. Burdett's Hospitals and Charities, 1902. London: The Scientific Press; New York: Scribners.
Burgess, J. W. Reconstruction and the Constitution, 1866-1876. Scribners. $1.
Carey, Wymond. Monsieur Martin: A Romance of the Great Swedish War. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.20.
Childs, E. E. The Wonders of Mouseland. Abbey Press. $1.25.
Clark, Gordon. The Church of St. Bunco. Abbey Press. $1.
Creamer, E. S. The Orphean Tragedy. Abbey Press. $1.
Cust, A. M. The Ivory Workers of the Middle Ages. (Handbooks of the Great Craftsmen.) London: George Bell & Sons; New York: Macmillan. $2.
Cust, Lionel. A Description of the Sketch-Book by Sir Anthony Van Dyck, Used by him in Italy, 1621-1627. London: George Bell & Sons; New York: Macmillan. $17.50.
Daskam, Josephine D. The Madness of Philip, and Other Tales of Childhood. McClure, Phillips & Co. $1.50.
Dix, Beulah M., and Harper, Carrie A. The Beau's Comedy. Harpers. $1.50.
Fontaine, C. Daudet's Tartarin de Tarascon. American Book Co. 45 cents.
Gardner, Percy. Classical Archæology in Schools. Henry Frowde. 1s.
Glasgow, Ellen. The Battleground. Doubleday, Page & Co. $1.50.
Henderson, E. F. A Short History of Germany. 2 vols. Macmillan. $4.
Ingersoll, Ernest. Wild Life of Orchard and Field. Harpers. $1.00.
Jessup, Alexander. The Best of Balzac. Boston: L. C. Page & Co. $1.25.
Kimber, Diana C. Text-Book of Anatomy and Physiology for Nurses. Macmillan. $2.50.
Lane, M. A. The Level of Social Motion. Macmillan. $2.
Legge, A. E. J. A Masque of Shadows. London: David Nutt. 3s. 6d.
Lilliencrantz, Ottilie A. The Thrall of Leif the Lucky. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.
Lippitt, Francis J. Reminiscences. Providence: Preston & Rounds Co.
Martin, D. H. How Men Are Made. Abbey Press. $1.
McCullough-Williams, Martha. Next to the Ground. McClure, Phillips & Co. $1.20.
Parsons, Frances T. According to Season. Scribners. $1.75.
Peck, S. M. Alabama Sketches. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.
Pennington, Jeanne G. Good Cheer Nuggets, from Maeterlinck, Le Conte, Hugo, and Dresser. Fords, Howard & Hulbert. 45 cents.
Peters, M. C. The Jew as a Patriot. The Baker & Taylor Co. $1.
Ritchie, D. G. Studies in Political and Social Ethics. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co.; New York: Macmillan. $1.50.
Seely, Mrs. L. Mrs. Seely's Cook Book. Macmillan. $2.
Stoker, Bram. The Mystery of the Sea. Doubleday, Page & Co. $1.50.
The Speckled Brook Trout. R. H. Russell.
Thornton, M. E. The Lady of New Orleans. Abbey Press. $1.50.
Ulyat, W. C. The First Years of the Life of the Redeemed after Death. Abbey Press. $1.25.
White, S. E. The Blazed Trail. McClure, Phillips & Co. $1.50.
Wormeley, Katharine P. The Life and Letters of Madame Elisabeth de France. (Versailles Edition.) Boston: Hardy, Pratt & Co.

"A historical romance, properly so called, which for dignity, color, and scholarship easily surpasses any of the stories which have recently been the craze. . . . The love of Hassan palpitates with a genuine passion of equal simplicity and sincerity."—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

THE ASSASSINS

By NEVILL MYERS MEAKIN. $1.50.

Henry Holt & Co., New York

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